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WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE, *Editor*
WILLIAM POSTER, *Associate Editor*

JULIEN STEINBERG, *Managing Editor*
RACHEL B. WALKER, *Business Manager*

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The Party May Be
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EISENHOWER

WILL RUN

Harold Lavine

THERE WAS ONCE a man who didn't want to run for President of the United States. He could have run, and the chances are he could have been elected, but he said, "No, thanks."

He's since changed his mind.

General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower isn't exactly panting for the Presidency yet, but every day that passes finds him more and more willing. He'd prefer to run on the Republican ticket. But if the Republicans won't name him and the Democrats offer to, he'll run as a Democrat. And there are even circumstances under which he'd be the candidate of a new third party.

He hasn't said so publicly and he won't until he winds up his present job as Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty forces. As long as he's still in uniform, he doesn't think he should even discuss politics in public. That's the reason, he tells friends, why he won't announce whether he's a Republican or a Democrat, a question that has kept leaders of both parties twitter-

ing ever since V-J Day. Sometime early next year, however — by spring at the latest unless there's a war — Eisenhower will be taking off his soldier suit for good. It's a safe bet that he'll then get rid of his inhibitions, too.

The reason Eisenhower has undergone a change of heart about the Presidency is partly personal, partly political. In 1948, when he smothered the first Ike-for-President boom, he was tired of public life and determined to become a private citizen as quickly as possible. His dream of the good life was plenty of leisure in which to hunt and fish and mess around in the kitchen, trying out new recipes. The Columbia job looked ideal. It didn't seem to entail too much work, and Eisenhower was sure that after a year or two the glamor which surrounded him at the war's end would wear off and he would be able even to drop into a Broadway show without starting a small-scale riot.

He quickly learned how wrong he was. The job of a university presi-

dent consists primarily of raising money. Eisenhower found himself constantly on the go, hopping from city to city to charm wealthy alumni and other big businessmen into remembering Columbia in their wills. He was a cross between a traveling salesman and a professional after-dinner speaker, and he didn't enjoy it a bit.

Like another old soldier, Eisenhower had expected to fade away; instead, every time he opened his mouth he was on page one. Political pundits found significance in his most innocuous remarks. Whenever he suggested that perhaps the New Deal didn't embody the ultimate in political wisdom, an outraged faction among his undergraduates — encouraged for a time by quite a few members of his faculty — started an uproar.

Eisenhower felt forced to put a muzzle on himself.

It was just about then, his intimates say, that a touch of regret started creeping into his voice whenever the subject of the 1948 Presidential campaign came up. Eisenhower clearly was beginning to realize that he never could retire into private life, and that he couldn't keep out of politics no matter how much he might yearn to.

EISENHOWER'S RECALL to active duty was the clincher. One of his friends, who visited him recently in Paris, reports: "Ike now knows

he's going to remain in the spotlight for the rest of his life. And, since that is the case, he figures he might as well go out for the big job."

Other factors that influenced Eisenhower's decision in 1948 have similarly changed. Eisenhower is very proud of his record in World War II, but he also is extremely sensitive to criticism that he was "a political general." He realized that his record would be a campaign issue, and he shrank from the raking over it would get. Since then, however, as the memoirs have rolled from the presses, just about everything of significance that could be said concerning his role in the war has been said. Eisenhower now feels that his World War II reputation is secure.

In 1948, also, Eisenhower definitely was afraid of a smear campaign about his friendship with his WAC driver, Kay Summersby. There was a good deal of whispering about "Ike and Kay" in those days, and Westbrook Pegler even gave some of the rumors the dignity of print. Eisenhower doubts if the whispers could be revived at this late date, and he doubts further that many voters would be influenced by them if they were.

The most important factor that caused Eisenhower to revise his thinking about the Presidency, however, was a purely idealistic one. Eisenhower believes in the policy the United States is pursuing in Eu-

rope with an almost religious fervor. In his mind, it's a crusade. He would consider the election of Republican Senator Robert A. Taft or someone holding the same ideas concerning foreign policy as nothing short of a national — and a world — catastrophe.

In 1948, Eisenhower said that he didn't think a military man should be President, but he added a qualifying clause, "in the absence of some obvious and over-riding reason." He believes the need to build a bulwark in Europe against international Communism is just such a reason.

The tip-off to how earnestly he believes it was a remark that his brother Milton recently dropped. Discussing Ike's present assignment in Europe, Milt said that he wouldn't leave it until he considered the job done unless he received "a call to a higher duty." The phrase could have come directly from Ike himself, and it very likely did. Ike would consider it his duty to prevent the election of Taft.

At the moment, of course, Taft is out in front for the Republican nomination, but there are a good many important GOP leaders who feel exactly the way Eisenhower does about him. And, since it's an irrevocable law of politics that you can't beat someone with no one, they've begun laying the groundwork for an "Ike-for-President" movement as the only means of stopping Taft.

Recently, for example, there was a

secret meeting between Republican Senator James H. Duff of Pennsylvania and Republican Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York to discuss how to get the nomination for Eisenhower. Until Dewey's old campaign manager, Herbert Brownell, arranged it, Duff had been a sworn enemy of Dewey. A former wildcatter, he couldn't even mention Dewey's name without bellowing epithets learned in the nation's oil fields. It's a measure of the desperation of the stop-Taft campaign that Duff was willing to put his animosity on the shelf and sit down with Dewey at all.

Similarly, Harold E. Stassen, though himself a Republican hopeful of long standing, has been telling his friends that he would gladly step aside for Eisenhower. "If Ike is willing to run," Stassen has been saying, in effect, "throw your support to him."

Kansas Republicans, though split on every other issue, are united behind Eisenhower. Republican Governor Alfred E. Driscoll of New Jersey likewise is certain to join in the Eisenhower boom. So are Republican Governor Earl Warren of California, and Republican Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts.

GIVEN A CHOICE between the Republican and Democratic nominations, Eisenhower would grab the former. On domestic issues, he thinks

far more like a Republican than a Democrat. For all his thinking is mellowed by memories of his boyhood in Kansas. And, though he may favor certain of the New Deal policies, he dislikes the philosophy of government paternalism which the New Deal represents.

However, the stop-Taft movement may fizzle. In that case, Eisenhower would be quite willing to accept the Democratic nomination. Whether he could get it depends entirely on Harry S. Truman. If Truman decides to run again, the nomination is his for the asking. If Truman doesn't, Eisenhower would be the overwhelming choice of the convention.

There's a very good chance that Truman may himself put Eisenhower's name in nomination. In June, George E. Allen, who is a very close friend of both men, made a sudden trip to Paris to see Ike. There is solid reason for believing that he went at the President's request to sound out the General on whether he would consent to run on the Democratic ticket. Allen is the original Eisenhower-for-President man and has never stopped booming him. In his *Presidents Who Have Known Me*, he anticipated Ike's eventual election by including a chapter about him.

Suppose Taft is the Republican candidate and Truman decides to run again, where will that leave Eisenhower? Several of his support-

ers are insisting that such a situation would make it mandatory for him to run on a third-party ticket. Some of them are Republicans who'd rather quit politics than support either Taft or Truman. Others are Democrats who feel the same way. And still others are simply men who think Taft would lick Truman and dread the idea of him in the White House.

These Eisenhower supporters have already made a study of the possibility of running a successful third-party campaign, and they believe it can be done. They admit it wouldn't be easy to get Eisenhower on the ballot in many states, and that it would be impossible in some. Still, they're convinced they could get him on the ballot in enough states to give him a good chance of victory in a three-cornered race.

Would Eisenhower consent? They don't know. They believe, however, that he might if they succeeded in convincing him, first, that he could win, and second, that unless he did run, Taft would win.

It depends on how badly Eisenhower has been bitten by the Presidential bug. He's been bitten, there's no question of that. And experience demonstrates that once a man starts toying with the idea of being President it usually becomes an obsession. It hasn't become an obsession with Eisenhower yet, but he's already receptive. And, since he's also human, it might.

"The biggest get-rich-quick operation in America in three decades"

COUSIN DUD'S HADACOL

MAYNARD STITT

IT TAKES JUST one strange word to name the biggest get-rich-quick operation America has witnessed in the last three decades. It is, as you may have guessed, "Hadacol," seven letters which now appear on millions of bottles of a dark brown, evil-tasting fluid that a grimacing, gulping, leering America is rapidly making the most profitable substance ever to appear in the bonanza-ridden world of over-the-counter drugs and medicines. Behind the meteoric success of Hadacol is just one man, a jumping, chortling, black-haired bundle of energy, Dudley (Koo-zan Dud) Joseph LeBlanc. Of average height and weight and ruddy complexion, LeBlanc wears rimless glasses, lives mostly on crayfish, Old Forrester bourbon, and personally prepared vitamin pills. At 56 he has the demonic energy and absolute confidence of a commercial Alexander hungering for new trade-worlds to conquer.

Born in barefoot, poverty-ridden

Cajun country, LeBlanc, now a Louisiana State Senator with an even chance to end up in the shoes once filled by the equally dynamic Huey Long, sits behind a mammoth desk in his Lafayette headquarters and pinches himself as he cheerfully contemplates the pinnacle to which fate and an inherent aptitude for selling things has raised him. During the fiscal year 1951, LeBlanc expects to gross from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 from the sale of Hadacol or more than six times the amount Sterling Drug will gross from the next best-selling, over-the-counter drug, Bayer's aspirin. Million-dollar receipt days are so common for Hadacol now that the goggle-eyed staff no longer even bother to record them. It has taken exactly three years for LeBlanc to reach the stage where he can toss around millions in a business started with \$4,000 that LeBlanc wheedled from a friendly small-town bank president. And it all began with a pain in LeBlanc's toe.

The pain struck the LeBlanc talon in 1947 and started to grow almost as rapidly as Hadacol. "It jumped to the other foot" LeBlanc reminisces, "and I went to see a doctor. He said I had the gout and gave me his treatment. I got worse and figured I should see another doctor. The next one said I had the arthur-itis and he treated me. I didn't get no better and I said to him maybe I should see somebody else. I didn't tell this one about the other two doctors and he told me I had the beri-beri. And I got worse.

"So I went to a hospital in New Orleans. I was there sixty days and the specialists kept on examining me and holding conferences. The pain was awful. From my feet it climbed into my legs and up into my arms and shoulders. And nothing was doing me any good.

"Then the missus came over to see me. When she was leaving the room I heard her say to the nurse: 'He is really sick. I never saw Dudley look so bad. I just don't know if I'll ever see him alive again.'

"That worried me. Heh, Heh," chortles LeBlanc.

LeBlanc decided to take matters into his own hands, and had himself transported out of the hospital on a cot. At the exit, a doctor friend who didn't know he had been ill stopped to chat with the groaning future tycoon on his litter. LeBlanc managed to describe his symptoms and scoffed weakly at the doctor's in-

sistence that he could cure the ailment.

"But I let him try anyway, heh, heh," says LeBlanc. "He gave me shots and I began to feel much better. In two days I was able to use my hands. Inside of a week I could shave and it wasn't long before I could walk with crutches. But I just couldn't find out what it was the Doc was shooting into me. He wouldn't talk and he would hide the bottle so I couldn't see the label. 'Dudley,' he says to me, 'you are in the patent medicine business and I'm not letting you know what this is.' He was smart. Heh, heh.

"Pretty soon I got to where I could come to the office. One day he was busy and he told the nurse to give me my shots. She wasn't so smart as him. Nor as careful either. She left the bottle on the table. When she finished I gave her that old Southern Chivalry, you know, 'after you, Gertrude.' As soon as she turned her back I shoved the bottle in my pocket. Heh, heh."

LeBlanc subjected the label to a close scrutiny and discovered that the miracle cure contained vitamins B-1, 2 and 6. Only at this stage in his career, he didn't know the difference between a vitamin and a juniper berry. He went to a friend who had a bookstore and obtained a book on vitamins. He took it back to his hotel, read it the same night, returned early the next morning and took away nine more books.

While LeBlanc was in the hospital, his business, the Happy Day Company, makers of Happy Day headache powder (LeBlanc began marketing this product during the recession when he figured that people probably needed a headache remedy as badly as he did) had gone to smash but his lack of an organization didn't stop Cousin Dudley. He started working on a preparation containing vitamin B complex. When he obtained a satisfying compound, he set up a factory in a barn, mixing the stuff in a barrel with the help of six girls. He sent out generous samples to the ailing people he knew. When rhapsodic replies and fervent demands for more began bulging his mail, Dudley knew he had something. A genius for salesmanship, a gift for financial manoeuvres, and the peculiarities of current taxation all combined to set off a merchandising explosion that has stunned every Madison Avenue advertising and promotion expert. Hadacol is a synonym for Hiroshima to our high-powered sales strategists and nobody knows yet what the consequences will be.

THERE WERE AUGURIES of the Hadacol boom in LeBlanc's early career, episodes which didn't make the headlines but showed him to be a promising rookie. LeBlanc was born on a farm in patois-speaking "Cajun" country and only began to learn English when he went

to school. Education-hungry, LeBlanc wanted something better than a knowledge of the three r's but found himself short of money, a condition that was to prove recurrent. He wasn't stopped for long even then. Never exactly bashful, he went to the President of Southwestern Louisiana Institute at Lafayette and asked for a job waiting on tables. The quota of waiters was filled and he was offered a job as a dishwasher. He took it but a current girl friend thought dishwashing undignified. He quit and surveyed the opportunities about him.

Near where he lived, LeBlanc noticed that the local tailor displayed a sign offering to press suits for thirty cents. He thought he could make a profit by slicing a nickel off the price. A nearby window offered irons at \$3.25. LeBlanc had 90 cents in his jeans. He strolled in and calmly asked the shopkeeper if he would take 70 cents as down payment. LeBlanc is a hard man to turn down. The man said yes and he was in the pressing business. He expanded quickly, ringing in members of his extensive family, as is his custom. He finally left a flourishing tailor shop to his four brothers and, at the age of eighteen, soon after he was graduated, he got a job selling tobacco. "I tacked up Bull Durham signs and called on druggists and any other place that could sell tobacco," he relates. "All the time I kept telling Mr. Hill if he

would only give me more signs I would sell more tobacco.”

American Tobacco's loss was the drug world's gain. After a World War I stint at Camp Hancock, Georgia, LeBlanc shot back into Cajun country like a guided missile, successfully hawking shoes, tobacco and patent medicine. While traveling about, LeBlanc launched a burial insurance company, key to many a new-fledged Southern fortune. It made enough money and attracted enough attention to get him elected to the State Legislature. In 1932 he had the temerity to run for Governor against Kingfish Long's personally selected candidate, O.K. Allen. LeBlanc rooters insist to this day that he won at the polls and the Long acolytes swiped the election in machine-controlled New Orleans voting districts. The defeat was a double blow to LeBlanc. Huey's legislature promptly passed a measure that put his insurance company out of business.

LeBlanc sold the assets of his company to a group of Houston businessmen for \$320,000. It was still a sizeable sum to an erstwhile Cajun farm boy who likes to enjoy himself, and LeBlanc decided to retire. Fortune never lets its favorites alone, however. Lolling in Florida with his family, LeBlanc neglected to stay in touch with his banker and broker. When communications were re-established he was informed that he had been sold out and was right

back where he started from—broke. Heaving a few quick sighs, he bounced right back to sell the public what he figured it needed as badly as he did—the aforementioned headache remedy.

LeBlanc's experience in sliding out of tight corners and operating on a frayed shoestring, stood him in good stead when he began marketing Hadacol. All he had at first was the preparation and a few orders. There were two banks in town and he walked into both and used all the arguments in his varied arsenal to pry \$4,000 loose from them. He was refused. Therefore, when he went to see a friend of his who was president of a bank in New Iberia, La., he stunned him with a request for \$25,000.

“He sat back and just looked at me for a spell,” LeBlanc relates. ‘Dudley,’ he says, ‘I can't let you have \$25,000, the Board would throw me out on my ear.’ Well, I asked him what they would do if he let me have \$20,000. ‘The same thing,’ he says. Well, I knew they wouldn't because they had found a lot of oil on his land and he owned the bank. I finally let him down easy for a loan of only \$4,000. It was all I wanted in the first place, heh, heh!”

With the quick decisiveness and financial *sang-froid* that marks his enterprises, LeBlanc promptly shot \$2,500 of his hard-loaned capital into radio, billboard and newspaper

advertising. He and his brother then hit the sales trail as quickly as they could get packed. They returned from the first week's campaign with \$5,217 worth of orders. The second week they came back loaded with another \$11,000 worth. As usual there was a hitch in the proceedings. They didn't have that much stock or the cash with which to pay for the ingredients. LeBlanc returned to the jobbers who had given him the orders. In return for payment in advance, he proposed to give them a 10 per cent addition to their regular 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent discount. The jobbers agreed and Hadacol started to roll. Total sales in 1947 were just under \$40,000; in 1948, \$200,000, in '49, \$2,400,000, and in 1950 sales shot up to the awe-inspiring total of \$24,000,000.

What happened?

LEBLANC, it seems, had run into the problem that snarls up nearly every growing, profit-making business these days — taxes. Only LeBlanc didn't spend his nights juggling figures or his days cursing the government. He cut the Gordian knot with a single, impatient stroke and plunged his company into a daffy and apparently limitless paper prosperity. After selling two million dollars worth of Hadacol in 1949, he paused in October of that year to take stock and consult his accountant. He was informed that he would have to pay \$100,000 in

taxes on his 1949 take. "What is my net profit for 1949?" he asked "\$300,000," he was told. LeBlanc reached for his telephone and got hold of his advertising agency in Houston.

The LeBlanc mind had simply put two and two together and come up with an inevitable four. Since he didn't have anything resembling the money with which to pay the taxes, the only thing to do was wipe out his profit. And the quickest way to wipe it out was to spend it legally — on advertising.

When the agency executive caught his drift, a series of strangled, hysteric noises came over the wire. "Dudley," he screamed, "you can't do this. You're crazy! Nobody ever spent that much money. You'll break me! You'll break yourself! How much you got in your account — a hundred dollars! And I'm only a little agency. Besides we can't buy that much advertising space in a week!"

"I just kept on talking," says LeBlanc, "and pretty soon I persuaded him to come on over to the office. I took a shot of whiskey and gave him one. We talked. I began to feel richer and took another one. So did he. We talked some more. Pretty soon he felt rich too. We finally spent all that money between Christmas and New Year's eve when every other advertiser was taking a rest. Some of the newspapers objected to the time, but we

stuck to our plan. It paid off. In the first six weeks of 1950, we received as many orders as we got in all of '49."

The landslide had begun. Since then, the state of Louisiana, the patent medicine business, the advertising world, the medicinal, chemical and retail drug businesses have been quaking, with no end to the tremors likely in the immediate future. Expert merchandisers of proprietary medicines, lured from the big Eastern companies by LeBlanc, say that in the last two years they believed that Hadacol had "peaked" at least six times. But the sales curve keeps passing peak after peak in every one of the 32 states in which it is actively promoted. By now, they have stopped estimating the Hadacol potential and devote themselves to preparing and "propelling" the LeBlanc elixir.

Until LeBlanc levels off his monster promotion campaign it is impossible to guess just what the Hadacol maximum is. And as long as the tax-collector stands at his elbow ready to take a big chunk out of any profits made by the family-held LeBlanc corporation it looks like Cousin Dud will go on following a policy of pumping out the money as fast as it comes in. The financial picture of Hadacol continues to shift rapidly. This is LeBlanc's account of the results of his 1950 operations: "We got orders for \$24,000,000 worth of Hadacol

and shipped \$20,000,000 worth. That meant about \$5,000,000 for me. What have I got? I paid some taxes. I bought a million dollars worth of trucks. I've got \$2,500,000 in inventory, \$2,000,000 in accounts receivable and \$162 in the bank."

The size, speed and off-the-cuff tactics of Hadacol promotions would curl the hair of any orthodox advertising manager. In April of this year, for example, LeBlanc publicists began preparing announcements informing the public that in May for the first time Hadacol would spend a million dollars in a single month. About the beginning of May, they discovered that they had already spent more than a million in the month of April.

These think-as-you-go Hadacol campaigns have been greeted with hoots and snorts by the experts who have yet to answer one overwhelming argument: they sell Hadacol at an atomic clip.

These days, the advertisements and testimonials are relatively mild. Since a rough joust with the Federal Trade Commission, LeBlanc never makes claims that Hadacol will cure any disease. The label modestly calls it "a dietary supplement" and the testimonials set forth how much better people feel after taking a few helpings. According to some people, the Hadacol lift is due to the fact that it contains 12 per cent alcohol. LeBlanc argues that with wine as

cheap as it is, it is unlikely that anybody would pay Hadacol prices for its alcoholic effect. "Besides," he explains, reaching for the Old Forrester bottle, "it tastes so bad, I don't see how anybody could drink enough to get high on it."

What no one has been able to estimate is the sales impact of the sexy stories that circulate about Hadacol. The organization denies that nine gag writers are kept locked in a padded cell to turn them out and the Senator doesn't even keep a file of them. He does enjoy them well enough to retell them with droll gusto. A favorite is the one about the gaunt, haggard man who describes his loss of appetite and well-being to a doctor and pensively opines that "It might have started with Hadacol." "Of course, that's the trouble," rejoins the M.D. "That stuff is no damn good. Stop taking it immediately!"

"It ain't me that's taking it," the patient explains. "It's my wife!"

LeBlanc gets a big kick out of the testimonial of one woman who wrote that she had formerly been troubled by insomnia. If her husband snored or jerked the covers she promptly woke up and never got back to sleep again. If one of the children sleeping with her cried out or coughed, she did not close her eyes again until dawn. "I'm cured," she wrote to LeBlanc. "After taking ten bottles of Hadacol, I can now sleep with almost anybody."

Seldom at a loss, LeBlanc was left speechless when the most dignified of old ladies congratulated him after a lengthy speech in New Orleans. She capped her effusive praise by leaning forward and whispering in his ear, "The reason I love to hear you talk, Mr. LeBlanc, is that I just *love* dirty stories."

THE REAL SECRET of this mammoth success story is simply the sales-crazy genius of LeBlanc. Working at a furious clip, bolstered by an afternoon nap and a 9:30 P.M. bedtime, fortified through the day by nips of Old Forrester and doses of his private red pills ("they contain E-5, good for the reproductive organ"), LeBlanc wears out a succession of aides and associates in any working day. He begins at six A.M. and on an average day spends most of his time summoning executives, bouncing in and out of offices, seeing a large share of the average 60 callers a day and often deciding which of his executives should see the rest. The management group, which LeBlanc is constantly taking along on his trips, keeps up with him as best it can. Working at an insane, unrehearsed and unpredictable pace, they get more work done in a day than a well-organized, formal, appointment-by-schedule outfit does in a week. *

Well-paid by New York, or any other, standards, as the length of "Cadillac Row" outside the build-

ing testifies, LeBlanc's executives are expected to eat, breathe and sleep "Hadacol propelling." When Dudley is away on a trip, no one is prepared to say just how many employees the company has; LeBlanc hires likely talent throughout the land on the spot.

The roster includes somewhere between 950 and 1,000 employees, including the office and plant force at Lafayette, the 120 salesmen and the drivers of the 167 mammoth Hadacol trucks, which pull away to their 50,000-mile-a-year routes on headways that would make a New York subway dispatcher gasp. The trucks serve as moving billboards: drivers are instructed to sleep only at night, and they also bring back to the plant materials unobtainable in Louisiana. Trim Louisiana lasses in white nylon smocks on which two-inch letters spell Hadacol, are constantly occupied dumping the bags of incoming mail into huge cartons, sorting and routing letters. Although little Hadacol goes through the Lafayette post office, incoming and outgoing Hadacol mail keeps eight to ten postal clerks busy at all times. Since Hadacol burgeoned, one postmaster has died and the present one has had a nervous breakdown, from which he recovered, friends assert, by taking Hadacol.

Every weekday at 3:30 P.M., Senator LeBlanc rouses himself from his siesta and jumps back behind his desk for another two and a half fast

and furious hours. Then he gets behind the wheel of his Cadillac hard-top convertible to drive 16 miles through flat rice fields to his home in Abbeville, La., zipping past the buggies of the Cajun farmers who jog along the wide shoulders of the paved highway. At home he dines, *en famille*, with the attractive, motherly, Mrs. LeBlanc, an ex-school teacher whom he spotted on a railroad station some forty years ago and married after a four-year courtship. Usually dining with them are their two youngest children, 16-year-old Bertha Ann who plans to be a ballet dancer, and 12-year-old Morgan, whom Dudley calls *Ca-boose* — "he was the last one."

During the rest of 1951 New Orleans will probably see much of the Senator. Though he has not yet officially thrown his hat into the ring, the office of the "Businessmen for LeBlanc for Governor" association will probably serve as his campaign headquarters. The phenomenon of a medicine man shooting for the chair once occupied by Kingfish Long is not strange, in the South, particularly when you consider the fact that LeBlanc is President Pro Tempore of the State Senate and has been a power in Louisiana politics for twenty-five years. He suffered something of an eclipse after his ill-fated gubernatorial campaign in 1932 but has since gained constantly in strength and prestige.

Strongly behind LeBlanc at the

moment are numbers of anxiety-ridden Louisiana businessmen who realize that action is needed to remedy the situation created by the routing of U. S. defense contracts to Texas. Truman, you see, still remembers the Dixiecrat rebellion. No regular party support, no handouts, is still the Washington line. As a result, Louisiana is being slowly drained of skilled labor, thereby dimming its prospects for future industrial developments. Governor Long's efforts to entice new private enterprise to the state have thus far failed to impress anybody. LeBlanc's worshippers say he has brought twice as much industry to the state as all other efforts combined.

Nobody mentions the fact that if the Hadacol promotion machine is harnessed to a political campaign, unprecedented results may take place. But nobody forgets it, either. Every ad for Hadacol, every billboard, every truck and sales speech might be hurled into the fray. And no one knows what Roman candle tactics and pinwheel promotions might rocket out of the home of the Hadacol wizards. Opponents have already charged that in back country parishes the ballot will read "Hadacol for Governor" and that every bottle will include a ballot. About the only thing that can be safely anticipated in the campaign is the unexpected.

LeBlanc himself says that since he is 56, if he is ever going to run,

it will have to be now. Election day takes place in January, 1952. Once the contest is over, win or lose, some order may come to the House of Hadacol.

At one time, Cousin Dud told members of his family that he would be satisfied when sales hit a thousand dollars a day. With sales sometimes hitting a million a day, no new goal has been fixed. LeBlanc has his private estimate of where Hadacol sales would "hold" if he ever decided to "go normal," but he keeps it to himself. In all probability he will continue to plough back his profits until election day is past.

ONE OF THE outstanding, short-term, money-makers in American history, LeBlanc has learned that he lives in a period in which fortunes don't belong to the fortunemakers. The time will come when it will no longer be fun for even a sales-happy wizard to see just how much he can get people to buy. When that day arrives, D. J. LeBlanc will become a wealthy, crayfish-and-bourbon loving Louisiana citizen managing a respectable company that once "propelled a meritorious product" to the summit of merchandising. Unless, of course, LeBlanc decides to sell the whole shebang for a thumping multi-million dollar sum of which the government will magnanimously allow him to keep 75 per cent. These days, it pays to retire.

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION



Our Korean Defeat Will Be Historic

SOME FUTURE GIBBON, reflecting on the decline of the United States of America, may write:

"The Eighth of July, 1951, was a pivotal date in the history of the

great republic. Up to that date, for one hundred seventy-five years, America had known grandeur and victory. In all its wars the nation had forced its enemies — the enemies of mankind — to sue for peace. A white flag had never been substituted for the Stars-and-Stripes. The American people had always demanded victory: as late as 1945 they had taken pride when Hitler's emissaries surrendered to Eisenhower; they had evidenced satisfaction when a little man in a top hat scaled the steel side of the battleship *Missouri* to surrender to MacArthur.

"Yet, in a scant six years after 1945, so vitiated had been the nation by Communist propaganda, and so inept had its leadership become, that the republic was willing to accept its first defeat. After an expenditure of twenty thousand lives and twenty billion dollars, after

reducing Korea to dust, Americans were willing to send white-flag-carrying emissaries into an enemy-held city seeking peace terms. The nation which had become the responsible custodian of the Western heritage, the nation whose cause had been the cause of mankind, this nation was now willing to withdraw before the barbarians.

"The weak and unwise American government, of course, did not admit a defeat; through propaganda it tried to claim a victory. And the people, confused and depressed by their leadership, chose to believe that perhaps it had been a victory . . . a great victory.

"But it was not a victory. And from that date on — from the day when the American people were willing to accept defeat for victory — America, like Carthage after Hannibal had failed to sack Rome, knew nothing else but defeat."

The foregoing is likely to be the verdict of history unless enough Americans come to understand the enormity of the mistakes in Korea. These are the mistakes of leadership, not of the people or of the fighting forces; so, if there is to be hope for the future, the leadership must be discredited and jettisoned.

Mistake Number One: Ground War in Korea

ON JUNE 24, 1950, this nation had a plan for dealing with probable Red aggression in Korea. According

to this plan, if and when the Reds crossed the 38th Parallel, American troops would not oppose them on the ground. Leaders of the Republic of Korea, loyal to the West, would set up a government-in-exile in Japan. Then, since responsible custodians cannot let aggression go unpunished, we would begin punishing the aggressors.

But again, according to plan, we would inflict punishment by the means with which we were strongest: with our sea and air power. Our Navy would blockade the Korean ports, and our Air Force would begin the systematic destruction of North Korean industry and transport.

Note the advantages of this plan. South Korea, largely agricultural, would have been occupied by the enemy but it would not have been devastated. The Communists would have begun to suffer from our sea and air blows from the first day, yet neither our American forces nor South Korea would have suffered comparably.

This plan would have left America in the position of power. It was a smart plan, a cunning plan, a wise plan. We could have killed Communists — the President said that was the objective of the war — without being killed. We could have employed all of our modern methods to kill Communists: we no longer insist that locusts must be killed only by catching them between a

rock and a hammer. We could have increased our blows until the Communists were ready to climb aboard the *Missouri* and ask for peace. Then the Communists could have withdrawn from a relatively intact South Korea to their own wasteland.

But this crafty plan was never implemented. Instead, it was changed, impulsively, by three men: the President, General Marshall, and Secretary Acheson.

All our lives and dollars were expended in Korea on a *sudden* decision made, not by the American people or their Congress, but by three men, two of whom have never been elected to any office. All the blood and devastation in Korea are, as a matter of fact, on the heads of Truman, Marshall, and Acheson.

The results of this impulsive decision by Truman, Marshall, and Acheson are now evident: 100,000 American casualties; uncounted billions of inflationary dollars; a completely devastated Korea bringing us thirty million new relief clients; and Admiral Joy carrying his white flag into Kaesong to beseech the Communists to accept the *status quo ante*.

Mistake Number Two: Not Winning a Victory

ONCE WE HAD accepted ground warfare in Korea; once we had solemnly declared our intention to "unify the Korean nation"; once we had buried twenty thousand

young men in Korean soil and invested their lives in victory for freedom; how could we afford to accept less than that victory?

It was at this point that Truman, Marshall, and Acheson became contemptible. If they had committed this nation to ground war out of deep conviction, then where was the courage to match their convictions? Instead of turning yellow, why didn't they cry a crusade and commit all the force necessary to give the free world a victory? Instead of cowering before reluctant allies, why didn't they *lead* and let the allies follow?

Despite their initial error, Truman, Marshall, and Acheson might yet have merited the admiration of free men had they displayed the courage to free Korea. Instead, they displayed fear before both our enemies and our allies, so they merit only the contempt which brave men and history will surely accord them.

Mistake Number Three: Humiliation at Kaesong

THROUGHOUT the developing Korean disaster, thoughtful Americans have felt about like passengers would feel if, on the *Queen Mary* during a storm in the Atlantic, the passengers learned that the ship was being controlled by three amateurs who were operating without charts or planned course. We have known that we were in dangerous waters without competent pilots.

When General Marshall flew to Korea in June, 1951, we should have guessed that another humiliating mistake was in the offing. For Marshall, on his record, is our ablest architect of mistakes. In every conference which Marshall has ever arranged or attended, the cause of freedom has suffered. Senator McCarthy has gone off half-cocked again; Marshall is not subversive; he is a sincere patriot with an unchallenged capacity for being wrong.

With Marshall in charge of arrangements for the cease-fire talks, the humiliation at Kaesong was inevitable. Marshall is an old China hand at arranging cease-fires; he has now arranged three, and at all three the Communists have taken his pants. While the Communist cameras ground away, our officers were forced to come unarmed into an armed city and, for the record, sue for peace.

In the Orient, where "face" is more precious than life, this loss of American "face" was equivalent to the loss of many battles.

Whatever happens in Korea from this point on, Americans should remember two significant actions of the President. He discharged an Annapolis graduate from the Navy because the young Naval officer had written a letter critical of our triumvirate of disaster: Truman, Marshall, and Acheson. The President, through Marshall, then officially reminded the Army, Navy, and

Air Force that "any member of the armed services who expresses contempt for the President or any member of his cabinet must be courtmartialed and imprisoned up to fifteen years."

Americans can remember the Korean War as the one in which, even during the course of battle, Truman, Marshall, and Acheson felt compelled to take time out to try to protect themselves from the contempt of the men whose lives were being risked and given.

There is hope left for America and for the cause of mankind. But this hope can be realized only if Americans understand that this nation is much too grand and great to be controlled by an unsuccessful necktie salesman, a tailor's dummy, and the best lieutenant-colonel who ever yessed enough Presidents to become a five-star general.

If America is to know grandeur again; if free men are to find hope again; then we Americans must empower a leadership to match our responsibilities, our resources, and our opportunities.

* * *

On Marshall And The Red Cross

IN AN ARTICLE, *The Tragedy of George Marshall*, March, 1951, THE MERCURY revealed that during his fourteen-month tenure as titular head of the American Red Cross, General Marshall had drawn in

excess of \$30,000 from the Red Cross, in addition to his \$23,000 income, together with aides, automobiles, medical service, etc., which he commands from the government.

This revelation caused some embarrassment and loss of funds to the Red Cross. Radio programs which solicit funds were deluged with letters asking how many five-dollar contributions would it take from inflation-ridden housewives to make up for the \$30,000 which General Marshall had "accepted."

We had no desire to hurt the Red Cross; we only wanted to print a fact, and perhaps to demonstrate how even the general had been affected by the grab-all-you-can atmosphere in Washington.

Accordingly, we conferred at some length with Red Cross officials at the national headquarters in search of some information which might reassure reluctant contributors. Here are the reassurances:

1. The recompense drawn by General Marshall was by far the largest ever taken by any head of the Red Cross. All other Americans who have served the Red Cross in this honorary capacity have either taken no salary at all, or just as little as necessary to pay actual out-of-pocket expenses.

2. The titular head of the Red Cross is appointed by the President, and we gathered that the White House may have had some hand in specifying what General

Marshall was to receive. The President is noted for his "loyalty" to his friends; he likes to reward them out of public or semi-public funds. He once rewarded himself out of the school funds of Jackson County, Missouri.

3. We also gathered that the actual heads of the Red Cross were somewhat less than wildly enthusiastic over the arrangement with General Marshall. There were no expressions of profound regret when the President called him to higher responsibilities at the Defense Department.

4. Mr. Roland Harriman, who succeeded General Marshall, accepts no salary at all from the Red Cross; so Americans can once again contribute without any fear of an unreasonable salary for a front man.

* * *

The Quakers: Friends of Whom?

HAD we been riding in a covered wagon with a preacher friend when the wagon was attacked by redskins; and had the preacher, while we were trying to make a few redskins bite the dust, kept spoiling our aim by reminding us that all men should be brothers, it's entirely possible that we might have become irritated with said preacher. We might have advised him to knock off the chatter for a few minutes and pass the ammunition.

As we see it, the free men of the

earth are now locked in combat with the new barbarians. A man or a nation can get killed in this battle. So we don't take kindly to the propaganda with which the Quakers are now flooding this country. This is not because we don't value Quakers; we do, indeed, value them. But the Quakers are giving comfort to the barbarians; and they are only

confusing and spoiling the aim of the forces of freedom and decency.

We suggest that our readers ponder and circulate among their neighbors and friends Mr. Steinberg's timely warning in this issue. If we are to continue to recognize the Quakers as The Friends, we'd like to be reassured on this point: Friends of Whom?

*Do you laugh when you see men in women's clothes?
This critic says it isn't funny*

THE NEW TASTE IN HUMOR

ALFRED TOWNE

WHEN MILLIONS of people laugh at the same thing the national funny-bone has obviously been tickled. For comedy to be popular in a mass culture, such as America's, it must stay away from the regional, the special, the local. Therefore only those experiences with which everyone is familiar find repeated expression in our humor. Witness the traveling salesman joke with its thousands of variations, the irrepressibly ingenious boy from Tom Sawyer to Henry Aldrich, and that stock butt of gags, the mother-in-law. The mass culture media of today have contributed an addition to this gallery of humorous types: the Male American in Skirts.

In Shakespeare's day, the popular stage exhibited a bevy of young men dressed up as women, and no one laughed. The absence of female actors, and the necessity for men to play their parts, was not the only reason why the audience went along with the illusion. Homosexuality, and its concomitant transvestism, were too little known in those days to provide the foundation of the

ludicrous needed for laughter. Somehow the audience managed to forget that the demure, giggling Juliet was really a beardless boy.

The advent of women (playing women) on the stage, did not bring the masquerade to an end. It merely brought into existence that highly specialized character actor, the female impersonator. For a long time, it was thought to be at least one height of dramatic art for a man to successfully convince the audience that he was a woman. But his blonde wig, his falsies and his carefully pitched voice were all meant to foster an illusion. If people laughed, it was at the jokes in the monologue, not at the spectacle he created.

Today, however, the female impersonator is unable to compete with a new army of men dressed up like women which is invading the movie and television screens. His meticulously detailed illusion amuses nobody. The new imitators seem crude, even vulgar; but they are getting the laughs, raking in the dough, and being rewarded with long-term contracts. Apparently audiences do not

want to be fooled into thinking that they are seeing a woman behind all the flounces (which was the secret of the female impersonator). They want to *know* it is really a man; and therein lies the only source of their laughter. That comedians recognize this, and are capitalizing on it, is made overwhelmingly evident by their eagerness to climb into dresses at the slightest opportunity. So much so, in fact, that the "drag act" can be said to constitute a "new taste" in American humor.

HOLLYWOOD, always eager to find a laugh where there had been none before, borrowed the gingham dress from *Charlie's Aunt*, mass-produced replicas, and issued one to almost every big-name movie comedian: Bob Hope, Danny Kaye, Cary Grant, Martin and Lewis, Jack Carson, William Powell, Lou Costello, and even old Jack Benny (who pioneered the modern trend in his version of "Charlie's Aunt"). To name just a few.

Bob Hope has hardly made a movie in which he does not "slip into something more comfortable" at one point or another: *They Got Me Covered* (he models beachwear); *Road To Singapore* (they pour him into a sarong); *Road To Zanzibar* (which led him into the veils and spangles of a harem girl); *Road To Rio* (with a fruit chapeau from Carmen Miranda, who should have sued). In his most recent film, *The*

Lemon Drop Kid, he completes the cycle by playing a kind old lady).

Danny Kaye's rise to fame began with his "fairy" Anatole of Páree. In *Up In Arms* he plays a love scene with a sleepy bunk-mate who mistakes him for Veronica Lake. In the film version of *On the Town*, the comic-climax comes when Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Jules Munshin escape a tough shore patrol by "changing" into three alluring belly dancers, complete with transparent gowns, come-hither veils, and wriggling hips. The caption on the publicity still picturing this scene read: "SOME GIRLS! . . . Hiding behind those veils are Frank Sinatra, Jules Munshin and Gene Kelly. . . ."

War, judging from the movies, breeds transvestism like trenchmouth. The only escape from khaki, it would seem, is organdy. An example is *At War with the Army*, which starred Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Lewis, unable to get out of camp one night, dresses as a bobby soxer in off-the-shoulders blouse and blonde wig, and later croons a ballad to a drunken sergeant. A saturation point was reached in Cary Grant's *I Was a Male War Bride*, in which, a good part of the time, he dresses as a Wac. Even the soldiers whistled! Recent press releases from his studio, hoping to clear up any possible misunderstanding, assure Cary's fans that a future film will be called *I Married a Woman*. The studio will,

however, undoubtedly awaken to the implications of this title, and it will be changed before the picture reaches the public.

THE GIRLS ALSO get a chance. The standard Hollywood camouflage in which women are allowed to appear in men's clothing is the musical production number. The favorite uniform is white-tie and tails. Examples are Ethel Merman in *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and Doris Day in the opening sequence of *Lullaby of Broadway*. The drama of intrigue provides another excuse, and almost any Marlene Dietrich film features at least one scene in which pants (of the long variety) are felt to be appropriate to the mood.

The phenomenon which actually lies behind female transvestism, namely Lesbianism, gets its first crack at the audience in the most widely talked about film of last year, Academy Award Winner *All about Eve*, written by Joseph Mankiewicz. In the opening scene of this film, Anne Baxter, playing a thinly-disguised lesbian actress, is shown in male trench coat and pork pie hat. She has seen every performance that her "idol," Bette Davis, has played; and before the picture is fifteen minutes older, she is living with her. Miss Davis, however, does not learn until late in the film that she has let a serpent into her garden; perhaps because the serpent's name is Eve, who was, according to Genesis, the

first woman, but who seemingly becomes, according to Mankiewicz, the first real lesbian in the history of the movies.

These pictures are not tailored for the fringe audiences which patronize the "art theaters," or even, more baldly, for the "queer" set which laps up each new Jean Cocteau tribute to blond boys in tight pants, drooling at themselves in the mirror. These are the pictures which top *Variety's* box-office list week after week; they are the foremost grossers year after year; these are the films that make stars. These films are, in short, what a nation laughs at.

TELEVISION, quick to learn from its biggest competitor, has also discovered that the spectacle of a man either dressed up as, or acting like, a woman is not merely ludicrous, but side-splitting as well. Judging from even a cursory look at the big laugh shows on TV it becomes evident that if there is one situation which is repeated with standardized regularity in this infant medium it is the "drag act." So widespread has it become that newspaper columnists, not notoriously alert when it comes to homosexuality, have seen fit to condemn it. Led off by Walter Winchell, complaints against the "soprano hips" approach to comedy appeared recently in columns by Jimmy Cannon, Nick Kenny, Jack O'Brian, and finally in *Variety* itself, perennial watchdog of

show business trends.

The Texaco Star Theater, granddaddy of TV variety shows, made popular, along with Milton Berle, the "new taste" in costume which soon swept the field. TV addicts sometimes no longer seem to care about Berle's jokes; they just want to see what dress he will open his program with this week, as compared to the gown he sported last.

It was evident that Bob Hope's years of film experience struggling in and out of an assortment of women's clothes would make him a natural for TV, and before long he had his debut. A customer in one of the last "frontier" bars on Third Avenue, where fruits are still only the ingredients of an old fashioned, could find no other standard by which to measure Hope's comedy than to say: "He doesn't come close to Uncle Miltie in 'dressing up'!"

Eddie Cantor on one of his early TV shows ran wildly through the audience kissing the men. No one objected; in fact, the audience rolled in the aisles. Later, with Charlie Cantor (no relation), he inaugurated what was to become a standard "bit" on his show: two Brooklyn biddies in a series of fetching gowns. One week Charlie threw himself too completely into the act, and succeeded in looking so much like a woman that the laughs were few. But Eddie's pop eyes betrayed his identity despite the mascara, and he found that the "drag act" will pay off even for

the father of five girls!

For good, clean American fun (Bucks County Division), it would be hard to beat Fred Waring's four husky football players, complete with frills, doing the can-can on one of his shows. Other top name comedians who have realized the laugh-provoking potential in wigs, falsies and falsettos are Ed Wynn (as female traveling companion), Danny Thomas (as the bearded lady), Jack Carson (as Sapphira, the slave-boy), and the contestants on *Truth or Consequences* (who are forced weekly into girdles and bras). To name just a few.

Crude pandering to the popular conception of homosexuals (men in women's clothes) is mostly avoided by Martin and Lewis. Their satire of homosexual mannerisms is more subtle, and far more complete.

On one program Lewis complained that Martin had four lovely girls to accompany him while he sang. Not to be outdone, Lewis brought on four hefty chorus boys, swished through his number, and leaped into their outstretched arms instead of taking his usual prat-fall. Before signing the show off, he threw the audience a limp-wrist farewell, leaving them in hysterics.

On a subsequent show, the team did a parody of the standard traveling salesman routine, beloved by burlesque comedians. With one important change. Instead of the traditional cow-eyed farmer's daughter,

Lewis appeared as the farmer's son forced to bunk, for lack of space, with salesman Martin. TV audiences were spared the bedroom finale, but were treated to a lengthy bathroom scene to make up for it. Here, the two principals, stripped to the waist, went through five minutes of horse-play, which culminated when Lewis, sitting in the bathtub, pulled Martin by the ears headfirst down into it. A few people in the audience looked away and shuddered.

But the nadir was yet to be reached. Fulfilling their promise that their last show of the season would be "the craziest," Martin and Lewis offered a skit built entirely around an ice-cream cone. Tough gangleader Martin grabs Little Lord Fauntleroy Lewis's ice-cream cone and refuses to give it back. He sits down nonchalantly and proceeds to eat it. Lewis, playing the folklore Sissy down to the last gurgle, runs around him declaring "You can hold it, you can even keep it for a while, but d-o-n-'t l-i-c-k i-t!" He continues this caterwauling until his mother sticks her head out of the window and remonstrates Martin in the same vein: "You can play with my little boy, you can borrow his ice-cream cone, you can even keep it for a while, but d-o-n-'t l-i-c-k i-t!" Only the naive were confused as to what was meant by this refrain. The only licking that was done, however, was by Lewis, who, in a moment of unparalleled tastelessness, rushed to

Martin and hungrily started licking his face, crying: "I l-i-k-e i-t! I l-i-k-e i-t!"

Many people in the audience didn't.

WHEN ASKED BY this writer to furnish an explanation for this flood of "swish-comedy" on TV, Abel Green, realistic editor of *Variety*, spoke at some length about "the visual gag," which could, he thought, be most easily effected by humorous costume changes.

This "costume-joke" explanation, however, proves inadequate when the steady television-watcher notes twenty bustles for every tyrolean hat, and fifty wigs for each handlebar moustache. But such costumes *do* get laughs. Which brings up a far more serious question: why does a nation which is predominantly non-homosexual derive so much pleasure from the fantasy-sight provided by "costume jokes?" Before attempting an answer, let us extend our investigation to radio.

Radio, expiring slowly, pumped new blood into its veins with *The Big Show*, which made more than a passing bow to the "new taste." When the laughs got sparse on this hour and a half extravaganza, the male-improvisations of the "unpredictable" Talullah Bankhead were paraded before the audience to get a few yuks. Her masculine voice (doing an off-key George M. Cohan on "Give My Regards to Broadway"), her the-

atrically ambiguous gender ("Well, Miss Bankhead, sir!" was a steady chant throughout the program), and her disinclination for marriage were repeated with "n-a-u-s-e-a-t-i-n-g" regularity week after week. A high spot was reached when that other well-known male-impersonator, Marlene Dietrich, appeared as a guest, and the two of them fought over which had the most masculine voice! When Milton Berle (oft-time female impersonator and wit) appeared as Talullah's guest, he accused her, in his role of a little boy touring the radio stations, of being "Uncle Miltie." Though she denied this, when he asked his mother where to go to tinkle, Talu, taken off guard, shouted directions to the men's room. To finally confuse things for all time (and perhaps deal radio a blow from which it will never recover), Talullah, later in the same program, went through an imitation of Berle imitating a fairy imitating a woman: "Ah'll kill you! Cause I feel so *gay* tonight!"

One supposes that the explanation offered for these goings on would be some mutterings about "the audio gag." It would be fruitless to point out to apologists for this kind of thing in radio, or in television and movies, that true comedy consists of what people do in the clothes they wear, and what people say in the voices they possess; not in the clothes and voices themselves. What lies beneath the "visual and audio"

apology is a pathetic admission that much modern comedy is almost entirely devoid of real humorous content.

Just what *is* funny about a man in woman's clothes, or vice versa? Perhaps it is simply this: due to the efforts of Kinsey and others the phenomenon of homosexuality, once the skeleton in the closet of American morality, is now widely accepted as an actuality. It is as well known as B.O. and dandruff. Knowledge of the phenomenon has made its way into the psychological public domain, and any veiled reference to it will bring laughter, sometimes of the nervous kind.

PEOPLE LAUGH AT the risqué because it brings out in the open, conventionally disguised, something that is forbidden (and about which they are, therefore, uneasily curious). But it is ironic that our hard-working censors, busy covering up women's breasts, laundering the most innocent love scenes, and generally watching out for the kids, should see nothing wrong in the most blatant references (naïve as the intent behind them may be) to homosexual love.

If anyone asks you what has happened to that American brand of humor that was fathered by Mark Twain, Will Rogers and Ring Lardner, you can say, at the risk of making a poor joke, that it got lost in a swish of taffeta.

THE CRUSADING SENATOR O'CONOR

Lee Mortimer

IN a grim and peculiar period in American history, when people seem to be competing with each other in nuttiness, it takes genuine talent for any group of individuals to make a real dent on the minds of calloused newspaper readers, hardened by a daily diet of murder, sex crimes, graft and double-dealing. The Senate Crime Investigation Committee is one of the few outfits that have captured and held the fascinated interest of the public from the very beginning. Maybe most of the Senators involved were merely born troupers who simply got to the limelight the long way. Maybe it was just the extras they hired; it's hard to miss with a cast that includes Costello, Virginia Hill, Anastasia and such bit-players as gorilla-face Weber, the philosophic policy boss of Brooklyn. We think their success is also partly due to the colossal nerve of the committee, the breezy manner in which they perform their feats of magic without caring a rap for what the public thinks or how easy it is to catch on to their tricks.

Consider their latest antics. Kefauver, whose sense of timing we

rate second only to Bob Hope's, stepped down from the chairmanship directly after his sock video appearance. It was obvious to any trained vaudeville actor that anything afterwards would only be an anticlimax and might spoil the fine glow his first sensational appearance left in the hearts of the voters. The fact that the job our shining knight set out to do is far from complete doesn't seem to disturb his slumbers. The dragons he was supposed to slay are still very much alive and snorting. But instead of continuing Estes has wisely elected to check out, before people start asking embarrassing questions.

Neat is the word for the Kefauver performance. We don't quite know what word to use for the appointment of Herbert O'Connor, Senator from the Free State of Maryland to succeed him as leading man of the road company. It's a beauty. We think it deserves some kind of award for public effrontery.

O'Connor hails directly from Baltimore, the proud metropolis of the Free State, famous for its two story houses with their white steps, the verbal fireworks of H. L. Mencken

and, in case you didn't know, for being the most wide-open town in these United States and its territories. I have travelled fairly extensively in 47 states, our territories and island possessions but I have yet to see a city quite like Baltimore. It makes rowdy and wicked Chicago look like a tame rural hamlet, New York like a model of virtuous life and the Nevada hotspots like genteel playlands for timid spinsters. There is no taste so depraved that it can't be satisfied in Baltimore. The cheapest and dirtiest street-vices are not only tolerated, but encouraged, organized and protected by the authorities. Even the opposition doesn't squawk and when you can't squeeze a protest out of hungry politicians, things have reached a pretty bad pass.

When Jack Lait and I came to write "Washington Confidential", we found the siren call of nearby Baltimore impossible to resist and devoted a ten-thousand word chapter to its colorful squalor. We went into it in detail, giving names, addresses and phone numbers of madames, gambling dens and dope-peddlers. We prepared an extensive list of their Siciliano protectors and overlords and carefully traced out its political alliances all the way from ward-heelers to Baltimore Mayor Tommy D'Alesandro who was overwhelmingly reelected a few months ago despite such exposures; and to the State Democratic machine of

which Senator O'Connor is now the kingpin. Not a single libel suit was filed against us despite the mass of facts, names and places we listed for the benefit of the public.

Shortly after the publication of our book, Jack Lait and I journeyed to Baltimore in routine fashion to make a television appearance to help publicize our book. It was a wasted trip — no ballyhoo for us in the Free State. The station on which we were scheduled to speak had suddenly decided to cancel our arrangements. Our press-agent then arranged for us to wax a platter for a radio broadcast the next day. That, too, was mysteriously cancelled. By that time we knew where we stood but, just for the record, we did some protesting to the Federal Communications Commission. We got nowhere. It happens that Senator O'Connor is also a member of the powerful committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce which votes the funds for the FCC. It doesn't pay to needle the wrong people.

Our book had given Baltimore conditions some nationwide publicity and while we were there we were just egotistic enough to wonder if our descriptions and the Kefauver committee had caused any startling changes. We were startled to discover that they had indeed. Nude photos had been ordered out of the novelty store windows! You had to step into the stores to get them!

We decided to give ourselves the credit for this vast reform and continued onwards in our tour of investigation. Everything was exactly as we left it down to the last G-string. In such leading and typical Baltimore entertainment palaces as the Oasis, the Miami, and Kay's, the girls were still expertly peeling down to the pelt thus saving the expense of fishnet brassieres and other civilized flimsies. They still went through their bumps and grinds at table level instead of on raised stages or bars as they do in such tame places as Chicago. In the spirit of good clean fun, they were still arousing choruses of guffaws by rubbing their buttocks on the faces of the more free-spending ringside patrons. On "the Block", the notorious skidrow of E. Baltimore St., rubber goods were still prominently displayed in the store windows. Streetwalkers were stationed at their posts asking for \$10 and dropping the price as low as two to hard-boiled customers. Anybody who wanted to back up his opinion of horses with cash, buy a policy-slip or absorb some marijuana, heroin or cocaine found satisfaction conveniently at hand at the nearest street corner.

But Baltimore is not unique among the advanced communities of the Free State. Maryland did not secede in 1861 but it has been making up for its lost opportunity ever since. It has been in a constant

state of revolt against the customs of the rest of the nation. It was one of the two states which did not ratify the Prohibition amendment and the dry laws were never enforced there even in token fashion. One of the factors that helps keep Maryland unique is the absence of friction between town and country. This conflict keeps cutting into the incidence of vice in most of our states. In Maryland, and as far as I know, only in Maryland, grass roots and city pavement have managed to strike a completely harmonious accord. The commonwealth is wide and uniformly open from Havre de Grace, where the touts proposition you every step of the long way to the mutual windows to the D.C. suburbs, from the well-known vacation resorts of the Eastern Shore to the foothills of the West Virginia mountains.

The last time we checked the records of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, we found that more than 4000 Maryland citizens had purchased \$100 U. S. tax-stamps for such gaming devices as one-armed bandits. The names and addresses of these proprietors are available to all and sundry, even Maryland police officers. Many Maryland counties had decided to acknowledge the state of affairs through a quasi-legal instrument known as "local option" which purports to legitimize slot-machine operations. State law however still forbids them and the

state courts have thus far ruled that local options have no legal basis. But even by local rule, slot machines are against the law in Baltimore, an independent city not contained in a county unit. But more than 1000 citizens of the gaudy metropolis have followed the law to the extent of paying taxes on slot-machines.

Prince Georges County which adjoins the District of Columbia, and is, for all practical purposes, geographically a part of the national capitol makes Chicago's storied Cicero look feeble by comparison. A recent election which displaced the local democratic machine for the first time since the Civil War found the G.O.P. triumphant with figure-heads for candidates. Since being in office they have been either unable or unwilling to do anything more to clean up the county than pull a few highly publicized raids on such unorganized gambling places as Elks' and veterans' clubs. The new Governor, elected in the landslide that defeated Tydings is silent, though under Maryland law he appoints the Baltimore Police Commissioner. The state legislature, however, is still stacked with Democrats and the Governor is likely to find his operations balked at every turn unless he plays ball with the proper boys.

The most proper boy these days is a Maryland gentleman named Jack Pollack, an erstwhile bootlegger who was once arrested for murder. Pol-

lack and Tommy d'Alesandro, Mayor of Baltimore are like Siamese twins. Sharing the power in this local triumvirate is Senator O'Connor who faces the bitterest fight of his career for reelection. O'Connor is painfully aware of what happened to his colleague, Millard Tydings, who carried the ball for Owen Lattimore's apologists. The Senator has therefore recently emerged as a militant anti-Communist on the national scene. It happens, however, that Lattimore, our leading apologist for Red China, lives in Maryland and is still a local power who swings a lot of weight and votes in C.I.O., left-wing and minority circles. So the Senator carefully confines his baiting to those Reds and Pinks not fortunate enough to reside in the Free State. He carefully refrains from mentioning the name of the tarnished oracle of Johns Hopkins for a number of reasons. Among them is the fact that Lattimore is a pet of the reformist Sun Papers which also support the Mafia-backed D'Alesandro. Maryland politics, as you can see are a pretty intricate business, and it takes somebody like O'Connor, a local boy who has been involved in them a long time to handle all the complexities.

HERBERT O'CONOR who was born in 1896, was graduated from law school in 1920, a poor but ambitious youth who immediately plunged into the maelstrom of

Maryland public life. Although he has been on government payrolls ever since without let-up, he is now a comparatively wealthy man. The most highly-paid job on his record is his present one as U. S. Senator which pays \$15,000 a year, including expenses. He first obtained nourishment from the public trough as People's Counsel for the Public Service Commission right after he was admitted to the bar. He was supposed to protect the interests of the people from rapacious corporations. During his tenure however, the utility companies prospered mightily and he was rewarded by *sub rosa* contributions to the campaign chest which made him State District Attorney in Baltimore in 1923.

He held this job for eleven years during which the local underworld built itself up to its present position of unrivalled splendor. During his term of office the big mob made its first gains in Baltimore and gradually became entrenched. Unorganized wrong-doers were sent to the penitentiary by O'Connor thus clearing the way for more systematized larceny and more efficient vice. That was in the golden era of Prohibition when methods were still crude and underworld-political tieups had not quite reached their present advanced stage. Still the conditions which now make the nation's sixth city its capitol of vice are the direct outgrowth of the spirit of laissez-faire

that prevailed when our present-day crime-buster was Baltimore's appointed defender of law and order. Of course, a man of such talent was not destined to remain in obscurity.

O'Connor became Attorney General in 1934 and Governor in 1938. He did not have to wait to the present to start crusading against crime. He could have cleaned up the most noisome cesspool in the country by a single stroke of his pen appointing a Baltimore police commissioner who would do the job. That the job never got done is still visible to the naked eye of any one who takes a long walk through the proper Baltimore quarters on a busy night. During O'Connor's term of office, Baltimore was at its most lurid. Nor were things any different in the rest of the state. His State Troopers did not interfere with the swank gambling palace operated by the late Jimmy Fontaine directly across the street from the Washington D. C. limits. Emboldened and enriched by their success at home, Maryland underworld leaders reached across the border and took over Washington, too. The profits filtered back into the Free State with some trickling back into the campaign coffers of O'Connor's Democratic party.

In 1946 Governor O'Connor, with a record of distinguished public service in Maryland, was ready to appear on the national scene. After an intensive campaign he was elected

Senator by less than 2000 votes, all of them contested, with financial and moral assistance by one of the crookedest criminal-politico combines in the entire country. Charges of wholesale vote-buying, intimidation by Sicilian blackhanders and other such skullduggery have never been disproved. The Senator's career in the upper house has not been spectacular. He is a firm believer in allowing dead dogs to lie — in Maryland — anyway. In that laudable practice he is joined by Maryland's three other Democrats in the Congressional delegation. They are the Hon. Edward A. Garmatz of Baltimore, a former police magistrate and member of the State Racing Commission noted for its tolerance of the unbelievable horseplay that goes on at some of the half-mile tracks; the Hon. George H. Fallon, of Baltimore, a member of the Democratic State Central Committee which never looks a Mafia gifthorse in the mouth and last but not least Congressman Lansdale G. Sasscer, political boss of the heavily populated D. C. suburban area who is regularly returned to office by the votes of whores, gamblers, slot-machine operators and pimps.

One of the important factors in Maryland politics is the large Italian population of Baltimore which is generally voted as a unit. The undercover monarchs of Little Sicily are Frank Gattuso, James Caranna, Tom Lafata and Joe Pallozolla. The

desires of this forward-looking crew are conveyed to the right people by Mayor D'Alesandro, a former Congressional message-carrier and now chief magistrate of the most vice-ridden city in the world. The D. C. suburban area was originally neatly organized for crime by the late Jimmy Fontaine who was the local representative for syndicate gambling interests in the southern half of the state. His mantle has fallen to a group of operators including Snags Lewis, Mike Meyers, Monk Seal and others, all of whom, under different names of course, are heavy contributors to state Democratic warchests. The venal nature of Maryland politics and its snug integration into the nation-wide underworld syndicate has long been known to law-enforcement officers everywhere. Maryland is a favorite hide-out for crooks because protection against extradition warrants can be bought at a relatively low price.

MARYLAND is not a hard place to find nor does it require a Sherlock Holmes to detect the presence of illegality within its precincts. But the Senate Committee to investigate crime which was launched only a stone's throw away from its border never seemed to have heard of the Free State. They were not allowed to remain in ignorance long. Scores of Maryland citizens promptly demanded that the Kefauver committee march into Maryland. To all

who importuned him, Kefauver suavely replied that there was no necessity to go into Maryland because he had never heard of any conspicuous illegality or immorality in Baltimore and certainly not in Prince Georges county, where, he, himself, had on occasion gone to relax from the arduous Senatorial grind. To prove it, Estes then let the Senator from Maryland succeed him. Now how could any body believe that there was anything rotten in the Free State when its national representative was head of the committee pledged to end crime in the nation?

O'Connor took much the same attitude. When he was asked to do some investigating in his own backyard by his own constituents, he too parried the requests adroitly. Finally, he revealed that secret hearings were in the process of being held. The only result of his snooping in Maryland, as well as elsewhere,

was to confirm previous statements made by ourselves and other informed people that Baltimore school kids were taking dope. But, up to the present, O'Connor's committee has made no sincere effort to find out where the vast dope traffic originates or who controls it. They just make some vague murmurs about "Lucky" Luciano, who is safely out of reach in Italy, being responsible.

And as to the chances of any full-scale, meaningful crime probe taking place in Maryland, the odds against it are overwhelming. There are much nicer places to hold probes, where the characters are more glamorous, the television hookups easier to come by and where the tieups are not so embarrassing to the committee personnel. It all reminds one of the kid who lost a nickel in the middle of a block and was found searching for it at the corner. When he was questioned, he simply replied, "It's brighter over here."

In the Press' Opinion

Whether you are a hide bound Democrat who thinks Harry Truman . . . can do no wrong, or a true Democrat . . . , or a Republican . . . I suggest that you get copies of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and read both articles [on Truman].

Lufkin (Texas) News

THE AMERICAN MERCURY published an enlightening article which frankly answers the question, "Is Truman an Honorable Man?" . . . The *Journal* reproduces the first installment today . . .

Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal

AMERICAN MERCURY ARTICLE ON SIN IN
WHITE MOUNTAINS FULL OF LIES SAYS TOBEY.

headline

Laconia (N. H.) Citizen

This country needs a "general" magazine, one that can kid us, scold us, amuse us, spank us, startle us, sometimes make us furious . . . Huie is getting into the spirit and the swing.

JACK LAIT

New York Mirror

Publishers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY have a minor mystery on their hands. One thousand copies of the magazine . . . disappeared from the New Hampshire printing plant. The lead article is Lee Mortimer's "Senator Tobey Confidential."

HY GARDNER

New York Herald Tribune

We are greatly indebted to THE AMERICAN MERCURY for its series of factual articles on Soviet espionage in this country.

Editorial

Peoria (Ill.) Star

Anyone who reads "Is Truman Honest" will no longer have the excuse for the President's conduct that he is wrongly or

The American Mercury

poorly advised. They will see how Harry's dishonesty could be Harry's own idea.

FRANK MATHEWS

Bordentown (N. J.) Register

A Birmingham financier has ordered hundreds of copies of the "expose" of Gov. Folsom for dissemination to Alabama ministers.

DANTON WALKER

New York News

When THE MERCURY article [on Truman] is combined with the article in a recent issue of *Look* . . . the national governmental scene becomes one that is shocking in its sordidness and horrifying in its potentialities.

Editorial

Shreveport (La.) Times

Currently two magazines, *Look* and THE AMERICAN MERCURY, have reviewed the record of the Administration and its nominal head, President Truman. You cannot read them without becoming heartsick and apprehensive.

Editorial

Commercial (Tenn.) Appeal

In this wicked world, says the new AMERICAN MERCURY . . . only brains — the best brains — can safeguard a great, rich and powerful nation. It is the MERCURY's belief, and it is ours, that our leadership has left much to be desired.

Cleveland Plain Dealer

A virtual stampede of readers has cleaned out copies of the May issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. The reason: Popularity of an article [on Truman].

Houston (Tex.) Chronicle

This is a thrilling account [by Robert Lowry] of a prize fight introducing a unique style of writing about the hidden side of sports.

Philadelphia Tribune

This is the first of a series of articles [on Soviet espionage] uncovering facts kept too long from the American public.

Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer

Good reading: Leonard Lyon's piece in THE AMERICAN MERCURY on his battle with the Shuberts.

EARL WILSON
New York Post

The extreme Niagara-like nature of Doktor Szczerbowski's encomiums [on Margaret Truman's singing] suggests that some critiques might be slanted by the prominence of the performer, or perhaps depend upon what Poland wants from Uncle Sam.

Columbia (S. C.) State

"Mr. Putzi Szczerbowski," author of THE AMERICAN MERCURY rave review on Margaret Truman's Washington concert, really is William Bradford Huie, editor of the magazine.

LEONARD LYONS
New York Post

Margaret Truman comes in for a bit of good-natured joshing in the current AMERICAN MERCURY — Quote: "Margaret Truman is now America's greatest asset — greater than Niagara Falls."

LOUIS SOBEL
New York Journal American

. . . the new AMERICAN MERCURY reveals some amazing facts about the late Defense Secretary James Forrestal.

Chicago (Ill.) Sun Times

Another tip to the Voice of America: why not broadcast to China the shocking facts behind the Sino-Soviet treaty agreements of February 1950, as revealed in the current issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

STERLING NORTH
New York World Telegram & Sun

From worms, to their enemy the titmice, from beavers to dragonflies, Mr. Devoe studies the scene.

Lansing (Mich.) State Journal

An Announcement

To Our Readers

As you know—and as the preceding three pages testify—THE AMERICAN MERCURY is one of the most talked about magazines in America. It is the kind of magazine that readers not only read closely, and regularly, but feel obliged to pass on to their friends, their relatives, their club fellows, their neighbors. THE MERCURY has done very little advertising, but, in the past year, its circulation has zoomed upward at an astonishing, and heartening, rate. There is only one explanation: our readers are our salesmen.

One means—and a very popular means—by which readers may circulate our informative articles is by means of MERCURY reprints. Every day a sizable portion of the heavy mail reaching our office from all parts of the country is for reprints of outstanding MERCURY articles. This, naturally, pleases us greatly. Our readers tell us that the availability of inexpensive reprints delights them.

We have therefore decided to make available in reprint form copies of almost every article we print. We are compelled, however, to reserve the right not to reprint articles for which there is only a negligible demand, and to set minimum orders at 10 copies. There is, of course, no maximum limit on orders.

Please note that our policy is retroactive. Re-examine our issues from December 1950 to date, and write to us for price quotations

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

251 West 42nd Street

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New York 18, N. Y.

**A
MERCURY
Editorial**

THE QUAKER WAY TO DISASTER

**Julien
Steinberg**

IF ONE WERE to ask at random which organization has won most respect in America, the answer might not always be the Quakers. But if the name of that organization were suggested, it is hardly likely that there would be much objection.

The Quakers have won almost universal approbation, and deservedly. In a world in which organized hostility has become the norm, in which the concept of an enemy among enemies has become almost inbred in men, the very existence of an organization which calls itself The Friends is encouraging.

It is therefore not surprising that the Quaker organization should have become unassailable. If the subject were introduced most people would wonder what on earth could possibly be assailed in the Quaker program. At worst, the organization might be found to be idealistically unrealistic. And in a world of realpolitik even that is more apt to be considered a virtue than a defect.

Here, however, we shall have some harsh things to say about the Quakers, for we have just been reading their latest statement on international relations and the global role of the United States. The 64-page brochure is called *Steps to Peace*.

In a preface we are told that readers are likely to say, "The Quakers mean well, but they don't recognize the nature of the evil

which the world faces." This self-deprecatory reference is so humble-sounding that it is almost charming. But the writers of this document have not correctly anticipated what we shall have to say. We are not charmed.

We do not know the extent to which the report actually represents the views of the membership. But responsive as we are to notions of morality in international affairs, we also know that the Quaker statement is not moral, is not honest, and does not show the way to democratic salvation. To put the matter in positive terms, *Steps to Peace* is immoral, dishonest and the "Quaker" way it expounds is the way to disaster.

The Quaker Method

The initial impression one receives in reading the new report is that of great restraint on the part of the authors in dealing with things Soviet, and careless — and most eager — condemnation of things American. Given proposals different from those the Quakers advance, one might not at all object to a critical response to the past five years of American foreign policy. It has certainly been inept, and has ranged from appalling ignorance to appeasement, and, all too frequently, has lacked a certain courage. Muddle has been its keynote at best.

But the Quaker objections are not at all those that many Americans —

of both parties — are today making. The national demand has been for a more forceful foreign policy. The insistence has been for a policy based on strength. It is now happily a platitude to say that only an America armed and unafraid can hope for world peace. The Quaker proposals, if effected, would not only enervate American strength. They would do much to make this country impotent in the face of the global Communist threat.

Of all the fumbling efforts of the Administration to fashion a foreign policy, one in intention must certainly merit support, and that was the beginning attempt to resist aggression intimated in the Truman doctrine. It is symptomatic of what we shall find in the Quaker statement that the Truman doctrine is made an object of attack, although a certain forthrightness of language is always absent from the report when it should be present. Thus we are told, with some condescension, that "Ever since it was first enunciated in 1947 in connection with aid to Greece and Turkey, the Truman doctrine of containment and its assumption [sic] that military force is the only language understood by the Communist high Command has virtually dominated American foreign relations." As for the "assumption" that the only language the Communists really respect is force, few Americans any longer doubt it. As for the Quaker

inference that the United States has attempted to rely only on force, it is simply untrue, and useful to this report only to caricature any forceful attempt to deal with Soviet aggression.

But let us not dwell on this kind of characteristic formulation. It is necessary to provide several examples so that the tone of the report becomes clear. But we want, as quickly as possible, to make our way to Quaker proposals — especially in regard to Asia — which will certainly astonish, and repel, most Americans.

Take the Marshall Plan. If any criticism of this generous program of material help can be made, it is that its original formulation, and implementation, were unrealistic. Mere giving can turn the benefacted against their benefactors quite easily, and in Europe this has been, in many instances, what actually happened. Therefore American diplomatic thinking has been slowly shifting to the notion that such help programs must — if they are to serve the purposes of the West — be integrated much more closely with defense efforts. But just at the point at which the concept can produce substantial fruits for the West, the Quakers begin to question their approval of the program. “Even the Marshall Plan,” the report sadly tells us, “is being interpreted in the United States and applied in Europe as a means of gaining

an advantage in the struggle with the Soviet Union.” Imagine such chicanery on the part of the United States!

But these examples must be understood in the context of the overall Quaker plan. Take rearmament. We had come to believe that, at this zero hour, the need for America to rearm was no longer a controversial subject. Most Americans probably believe that we are not rearming with sufficient speed. But not only are the Quakers not pleased by the prospects of our growing strength, they are dispirited. American rearmament is one of the devils of this report.

“Can it be,” *Steps to Peace* asks with cheerful innocence, “that we are the victims of our own policy?” It advises us, “Our arms create fear in Russia; Russian arms create fear in us.” Two paragraphs later, “Even now, the presence of American military bases in remote parts of the world lends support to Russian claims of ‘encirclement’. . . .” We had already been told that by rearming “we shall also confirm the Russian Communists in their theories about the way they expect the capitalist world to act. . . .” Finally, we get the usual punch line of this approach, which is familiar but not usually thought of as being Quaker in inspiration: “The real challenge is ideological, and ideas are not killed by bullets. They are overcome by the implementation

of better ideas.”

It is embarrassing even to need to “refute” this sort of thing. We are stupid enough to believe that the threat the world faces comes not from ideas, but from a savage Soviet expansionism which now embraces 800 million human beings, one third of the world’s population and one-fourth of its land area. As for “better ideas” we think that Czechoslovakian democracy, with all its faults, was a better idea than is Soviet slavery.

The point should be clear. Despite the Quakers’ formulation (and others less respected could lay prior claim to it), and despite the several references in this report to the “economic appeal” of Communism, it remains true that in not one single country under Communist domination — including Russia — did the Communists come to power through the will of the people or the efficacy of an “idea.”

The report is couched throughout in moralistic-sounding phrases, but it has a strange air about it. Explicit statement is avoided. The program is presented through inference, through an “it is said” type of approach, by omission of vital facts, usually about Soviet tyranny and terror. Condemnations of Communism are subdued and ritualistic; they spur no one to indignation as would a forthright report on Nazism, or any other totalitarian system. When *Steps to Peace* speaks about

our protecting the free world, the word “free” is put in quotation marks. At best such a stand might be thought to represent a “neutral” view, which, by itself, would be an indecent position when democracy is arraigned against dictatorship in what may be a final battle. But stripped of its protective rhetoric, the keynote of this report is not “neutrality.”

Here is a sample of the “neutral” — and utterly deceptive — kind of formulation presented in this document. “Much has been written,” we are told, “about the faithlessness of the Soviet Union in living up to its agreements, but the Soviets have just as vigorously accused the United States of the same transgression.”

Only a dolt will mistake this for objectivity. Leaving the matter in such a form, the reader is encouraged to go away with the notion that the only difficulty is an unfortunate misunderstanding on both sides. What the Quakers do not do is to state whether the conflicting assertions are true. Is it true that the Soviets have broken dozens of treaties? Of course, it is true. Has the United States a similar record? Of course, it has not. American policy, on the contrary, has been distinguished by entering into, and slavishly adhering to legal arrangements that the USSR never intended to obey.

And, no sooner having misled us by the above, we are told (and this, at this late date, is incredible!) that

the trouble is that both sides assign "different meanings" to the "same words." What would we have thought of a document which attempted to justify cynical Nazi use of words like democracy by saying that Hitler really did not know what they meant!

But the really unbelievable is yet to come.

How to Lose Asia

In presenting its plan for Asia, the report must, of course, first criticize the United States. In Asia, it seems, "there, as elsewhere, we have tended to label as Communist any movement that sought a radical change in the established order. . ." But *Steps to Peace* strangely forgets to document its notion by discussing the main case in Asia, China. What a by-passed chance to castigate the "reactionaries," for example, who were sufficiently fanatic to believe that the Chinese "agrarian reformers" were Communists.

The Quaker program, however, soon gets under way, with positive proposals. Communist China, we are told, wants merely to "be an equal among neighbors," a revelation which should be news to our troops in Korea, to the South Koreans and to the people of Tibet, as well as to the more nervous souls in India. More specifically, we are told that China wants admission to the UN, control over Formosa, and

a Korean settlement that will not leave in power a regime hostile to the "revolution."

Now, just how do the Quakers give the answer of the United States to these arrogant demands of an aggressor nation? "*None of these desires,*" is the remarkable Quaker comment, "*would jeopardize any legitimate American objective.*" (Our italics.)

What about the Japanese treaty? Would it not, the Quakers ask, have been better if Japan's "most powerful and influential neighbors, China and the Soviet Union, had been included in the negotiations from the beginning?" It seems almost superfluous to add that the Quakers also deplore the prospect of Japan being rearmed.

As for Red China, there are no harsh words for Mao Tse-tung, but Chiang, isolated in Formosa, remains the enemy. The Quakers show themselves only too happy to affirm — what the Chinese people are not given an opportunity to affirm. The Chinese people, says this report confidently, "clearly prefers its new government to its old one." The anti-Communist Chinese guerillas on the mainland are brushed off, as are Chiang's forces on Formosa. There is not one word here, in this most moral of reports, on the bloody purge which has already taken the lives of hundreds of thousands of "enemies of the people" in Communist China.

Nor do the Quakers say what will happen to the five million people on Formosa if the island is given to the Communists, an atrocity which the Quakers do not oppose. But why should this report say anything? It has nothing to say — outside of a few ritualistic phrases, so useful to quote back at critics — about the sufferings of the 800 million human beings already captives of the new Soviet Empire, the greatest in all history.

So typical of this report is its willingness to accept the figures of the Communists, and those with a vested interest in past error in dealing with the Communists, about the amount of American military aid to Chiang. As Freda Utley shows convincingly in her *The China Story* this aid came to one quarter of a billion dollars, and much of it came too late. Communists, and party-line dupes, quite conventionally raise this figure to the imaginative sum of 2 billion dollars. Only a rare character like Owen Lattimore can speak of it as 2-4 billion dollars, and he is careful to qualify the sum by speaking of "military and economic" aid. But it remains for the Quakers to speak of 4 billion in *military equipment* "at a conservative estimate." The fabulous misstatement is indicative of where emotional sympathy lies in this report in its discussion of China.

But all this is as nothing compared to the hit-and-run Quaker discus-

sion of Korea. Red China, we are told, "felt that she had reasonable grounds for her own intervention in Korea. . . . Any American should be able to understand this by imagining his own reactions if an international army, under Russian command and largely composed of Russians, were rapidly advancing through Mexico . . ." It remains for us only to say that we were not impressed by this deceitful argument when a variation of it was most avidly circulated — by the Communists at the time of the Soviet attack on Finland! Given America's tragic loss in blood in Korea, we doubt whether the American people are in a mood to take this kind of thing from anyone. Not even from that most unassailable of organizations, the Quakers!

There is more, so much more, in this report that calls for comment. The Quaker plan for Europe, stripped again of rhetoric, and seen in the context of its plan for Asia, is no less perilous than its plan for Asia.

But enough.

"Peace"—A Weapon of War

At the present time the chief task on the agenda of the national parties of the Stalintern is to hound and batter Western defense efforts with cries of "peace" as Soviet armies prepare to gobble up the earth. In the achievement of their aims party-created fronts will be least useful. Much more useful will be publicity

given to independent organizations, respected by everyone, who have, for their own inscrutable reasons, arrived at positions which can be more than useful to the Party. One can expose the Stockholm Petition as a Communist fraud. But the Quakers are neither Communist, nor a fraud. Nevertheless, they are at the present time propagandizing for a program which can, to the extent that it wins acceptance, more

effectively serve the Stalintern's aims in America — and reduce our chances for true peace — than the Communist peace thumpers themselves can ever hope to do. No wonder then that the *Compass*, the New York newspaper that daily spreads goodwill toward the Communist tyrants, does not serialize the "peace" program of the Communists.

It serializes — as it recently did — the program of the Quakers!

Our Writers in This Issue

HAROLD LAVINE is the political editor of *Newsweek* magazine, foreign correspondent and well-known writer on national affairs . . . MAYNARD STITT, former newspaperman, was on the staff of United Press for several years . . . ALFRED TOWNE continues his series on homosexuality in American culture on page 22 of this issue. His first article, "The New Taste in Literature," ran last month . . . LEE MORTIMER is co-author (with Jack Lait) of the current, run-away bestseller *Washington Confidential* . . . JULIEN STEINBERG joins THE MERCURY with this issue as Managing Editor. His recently-published *Verdict of Three Decades* won national praise as one of the most effective indictments of Soviet Communism ever published; it was condensed in the *Reader's Digest* in March of this year, and a script reporting its contents was beamed by the Voice of America to the Iron Curtain countries. Mr. Steinberg, who has written for many publications, is a former editor of *The New Leader*, and *Modern Review*, the magazine of the American Labor Conference on International Affairs. His articles on Soviet espionage appeared in the May and June issues of THE MERCURY . . . CALVIN COURTNEY is the pen-name of an editor of a national magazine . . . PETER MINOT spent the war years as a G.I. in Puerto Rico . . . MANNY FARBER is the former movie reviewer of the *New Republic* . . . ALEXANDRA ORME is the author of the recent Book of the Month Club choice *Comes the Comrade*; her forthcoming book, serialized in part in these pages, will be *By the Waters of the Danube* . . . MAX EASTMAN is the famous writer, poet and political analyst. His latest book is *Enjoyment of Living*, volume one of his autobiography . . . A biographical note on FRED A UTLEY will be found on page 102.

Fed up with the political boss of your town? Compare him with

NEW YORK'S WORST MAYOR

CALVIN COURTNEY

WHEN THE KEFAUVER people finally trundled out of New York last March, the cheers of the electorate ringing in their ears, it would have been hard to find many local patriots who were not entertaining the notion that William O'Dwyer was the biggest thief ever to hold office as mayor in the city. While the judgment reflected a commendable, albeit retroactive, concern over the cleanliness of municipal politics, it was far from accurate. Pending further blabbing by further bookmakers, we can only say that Mr. O'Dwyer has not been directly accused of anything more dishonest than accepting an envelope — whether red, brown, manila, or white is uncertain — from John P. Crane

of the Uniformed Firemen's Association. And even this small matter is shrouded in uncertainty.

Actually, New York's worst mayor was not O'Dwyer. Nor was it the late James J. Walker. Nor was it Boss Murphy's epic triumph, John F. Hylan. Nor, in fact, was it the incomparable A. Oakey Hall, who served under Tweed. By any honest system of bookkeeping, the biggest forger, liar, embezzler, and hypocrite who ever sold a ward in Gotham was the Honorable Fernando Wood, who preceded Tweed by a few years but taught him plenty. The most commonly accepted evaluation of Wood is the one made by John Bigelow, an editor of the New York *Evening Post* during the mayor's

three administrations. On a visit to City Hall years afterward, Bigelow came across a portrait of Wood in a corridor. He stared for a while at the fine classical features, the saintly blue eyes, and the high forehead of the subject, and remarked: "He was the handsomest man I ever saw, and the most corrupt man that ever sat in the mayor's chair."

FERNANDO WOOD was a rogue in the classic tradition. Elements of Falstaff, Iago, and Pecksniff are discernible in his makeup. In appearance, however, he suggested all of the Founding Fathers rolled into one; his grave, ministerial countenance bespoke integrity and humility in equal measure. He was undoubtedly one of the great demagogues of the nineteenth century. He had a throaty, resonant voice, a relaxed platform manner, a convincing air of sincerity. He could talk to a mob as a man of the people; he could also talk to a university audience as a man of quality and refinement, which, as a matter of fact, he was. He was close to six feet, slender, and enormously handsome. By all accounts, he was a charmer from the beginning.

Wood's real political beginning came in 1840, when he moved from the chairmanship of the Young Men's Committee of Tammany Hall into Congress at the tender age of twenty-eight. In subsequent years, he was elected mayor of the city

three times — in 1854, 1856, and 1859 — beaten for the post twice, and finally returned for eight more terms to Congress. He was in Washington when the storm finally broke over the Tweed Ring and was completely unscathed by the general cleanup. He was never convicted of any crime, in fact, and was able to end his career faintly enveloped in the nimbus of an elder statesman. In his last four years in Congress, he was majority floor leader and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

What gives this career its chief interest is the fact that Wood never really fooled anyone; from 1840 onward he was conventionally spoken of in the local press as a fraud and a thief. His whole career was a jumble of contradictions and paradoxes. He came from a family of Quakers; yet he had a marked affinity for violence all his life. He was on the executive committee of the ferociously anti-Catholic Know-Nothing party; yet a large measure of his support always came from Catholics, to whom he had sold himself as a champion of minorities. He was a student of government and a fine administrator; yet during his administrations, the city touched some hitherto unsuspected depths of corruption. He posed as a drum-beating patriot; yet he once seriously tried to have New York City secede from the union. His extortions had the entire business com-

munity of the city up in arms; yet at election time he was able to get the public support of John Jacob Astor and dozens of other commercial luminaries. He closed the saloons on Sundays when he first became mayor, thereby becoming the darling of the temperance fanatics; yet later, when New York state had a prohibition law, he allowed the saloons to operate seven days a week. He came from an old aristocratic family; yet from the moment he entered politics his chief supporters were the organized criminals, crooked saloon-keepers, and other assorted riff-raff of the city.

Wood's political operations appeared to be based on the assumption that the electorate had a severe case of amnesia, a proposition that was never satisfactorily disproved during his lifetime. Even if it had been, not much harm would have been done to him; his success was never based on popularity anyway. He won his nominations in the beginning largely by bribing the nominators. The first time he ran for mayor, this proved to be a simple enough job. The Democrats had planned that year to nominate a wealthy New York banker for mayor — a man of considerable ability who later became Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Wood very simply bribed twenty-nine of the fifty-one delegates to the nominating convention, and the banker went back to his bank.

On another occasion, his job turned out to be somewhat more complicated. His entry into New York politics had split the local Democratic party into two bitterly opposed factions — the so-called "Softshells," whom Wood controlled, and the "Hardshells," who dearly detested him. In 1854, Wood procured his nomination from the Softshells easily enough. But he decided, reasonably enough, that with two Democratic candidates in the field the election might easily go to a Reform candidate. Accordingly, at the Hardshell convention, Wood's agents again bribed a majority of the delegates and got him a second nomination. A few remaining Hardshells, in a state bordering on apoplexy, held still another convention and finally succeeded in nominating a man other than Wood. This party, however, was by now so disillusioned with the ways of New York politics that he withdrew from the race altogether, leaving a more-or-less clear field for Wood, who won easily.

ON NONE OF the three occasions on which he was elected mayor did Wood have a real majority of the voters. He was helped, however, by the fact that the local electorate was badly fragmented during the Fifties. There were ordinarily four or five candidates in the field: the Democrats (who were themselves split), the Whigs (later Republi-

cans), the Know-Nothings, and one or more Reform parties. From the moment that Wood appeared on the New York political scene, it became the primary object of every do-gooder east of the Alleghenies to make his enemies unite. This happened just once, in the election of 1857, when Wood was beaten.

However, his electoral success was based on more than a split opposition. A large share in Wood's good fortune at the polls must, in all fairness, be credited to his gorrillas, who were never idle on election day. They put the fear of God into anti-Wood voters (there was no secret ballot), voted incessantly themselves, brained enemy election officials, and purloined ballot boxes in areas where Wood, somehow, was running behind. In one election, Wood introduced the novel practise of bringing scores of convicts out of city prisons, voting them, and then turning them free. In 1856, shortly before election day, he introduced several thousand immigrants to the American way of life by naturalizing them *en masse* and crediting their votes to his name. He also systematized the old practise of allowing grateful municipal employees to contribute to his campaign. The usual contribution from a policeman was twenty-five dollars; those who were more parsimonious could contemplate the prospect of more-or-less continuous duty. Saloon-keepers, gangsters,

prostitutes, and abortionists were also permitted to get on the bandwagon for a reasonable price.

It is an interesting commentary on Wood's reputation that he was too much even for Tweed to take. Tweed was a thief, but he was not a hypocrite. And the spectacle of the saintly-looking mayor, who looked like a man of the cloth and compared himself to Jefferson while he was running the crookedest operation in New York's political history, made Tweed into an enemy of Wood's almost from the beginning. In the end — in 1862, to be exact — Tweed was able to retire Wood from local politics and send him back to Washington. He did this, and began his own remarkable rise to power, largely by imitating Wood's tactics.

Fernando Wood was born in Philadelphia on June 14, 1812, of an old American family which had first settled on this continent during the seventeenth century. Despite his given name, there was apparently no Spanish blood in him. His father was a modest man, an eminently respectable Quaker who was thought highly of in Philadelphia, in the West, and in New York. He sent Fernando to a fine private school in New York, and later got him a good job in a broker's office. Fernando, who was then thirteen, took his first week's salary and left home.

He was a clerk, auctioneer, ship

chandler and wine salesman before he finally found his niche. His niche, as it happened, was a store on the waterfront in New York which sold liquor to seamen and longshoremen. In those days, an establishment of this nature was known politely as a groggery, and more realistically as a crimp-house. In effect, the chief profit from the operation was derived from shipping masters who were enabled to shanghai the establishment's heavy-spending customers for foreign voyages. When Wood later became famous, he always referred to this store as a grocery. Whatever he called it, it made money for him. After a few years, he had his own sailing ships, was engaging in a few profitable real-estate speculations, and was making political connections. By the time he was twenty-eight and running for Congress, he was a rich man.

After his congressional term was completed, Wood and his brother Benjamin organized a number of lotteries (i.e., policy rackets). They were not illegal then, as they are now, but Wood was smart enough not to do business too close to home. His lotteries were in the South, and with the assistance of a number of well paid Southern politicians they became a big business. On just one occasion, Wood had a close brush with the law. This occurred in 1848, when he was indicted for having swindled a partner of his in a business deal. Wood escaped

prosecution when a district attorney, who was apparently bribed, delayed handing down the indictment until the statute of limitations had run out.

To any New Yorkers whose eyes were open, it was clear enough, then, that Wood was a thief some time before he took office. During his first administration, almost every newspaper in New York was violently against him. Wood nevertheless regarded the press as a mighty engine; and so he bought his own newspaper, the *New York Daily News*. After he had been mayor a year, two biographies of him made their appearance. The first was a rather terrible-tempered report on Wood's past; it was sub-titled "A History of the Forgeries, Perjuries, and Other Crimes of our 'Model' Mayor." To adjust the literary balance, Wood assigned a reasonably distinguished novelist, Donald MacLeod, to write a biography of a more heroic nature.

No one knows exactly how much money Wood made out of being mayor. Denis Tilden Lynch, one of the most careful historians of the period, estimates that he embezzled at least \$250,000 from the city treasury. This, however, was the simplest of his operations. A possibly larger source of income lay in the purchase of land for the city at heavily inflated prices, with an appropriate pay-off to the mayor from the sellers. Brother Ben was frequently

used. Once, Ben purchased some ballot boxes for \$20,000 and sold them to the city for \$60,000. Another time, Ben turned out to have a stiff interest in a company to which the mayor awarded a \$279,000-a-year street-cleaning contract — even though another company had bid \$84,000 less. And, of course, there was always a great deal of thick gravy in the sale of political offices; even to get a nomination on Wood's ticket cost, in some cases, as much as \$5,000.

THE GENERAL LEVEL of New York politics during the Wood administrations might be indicated by a story which popped up in the memoirs of a lawyer who was practicing in the city then. It appears that an alderman named Harry Howard wanted Wood to appoint him to the extremely lucrative position of Receiver of Taxes. As it happened, Wood had already promised the job to one of his own minions. However, for various reasons, he was leery of offending Howard, and so he intimated that he was favorably disposed toward his candidacy. The only hitch, as Wood developed the situation, was that Howard couldn't possibly be confirmed for the job; his brother aldermen were already jealous of his popularity.

Howard pretended to be impressed with this reasoning. But he suggested that the mayor nominate

him anyway, just as a token of their old and indissoluble friendship. "And then," Howard said, "if the aldermen won't have me, why, you will have shown your friendship to me, and I won't forget you later." Wood agreed to that, and formally nominated Howard to be Receiver of Taxes. He then called the Board of Aldermen into secret session, explained the situation, and exacted a promise from the Board that it would not confirm the nomination.

Unfortunately for Wood, Howard had a pipeline to the Board, and he found out about the proposed double-cross. He therefore countered with a triple-cross. This was not too difficult to arrange because the Board was on bad terms with the mayor at that particular point; he had recently welshed on a promise to let them split up one of his nominee's patronage if they confirmed the man. Howard got them steamed up over their unrewarded confirmation of this nominee, and they finally agreed to take their revenge by confirming him. At the Board's next regular meeting, Wood was stunned to learn that he had been maneuvered into keeping his promise to Howard. He was so stunned, in fact, that he signed the appointment without a murmur.

Wood's second administration, which began in 1857, was so corrupt that a small-scale "shooting war" finally descended on New York, with the supporters and enemies of

the mayor both agreed that they could not live together peaceably. The civil war in miniature broke out on the issue of controlling the police force.

New York at that time had about 1,100 policemen, of whom about 800 could be identified as supporters of the mayor. There seems to be little doubt that Wood's policemen had played a large role in his 1856 electoral triumph; several hundred of them got election day off to campaign for the mayor, and several hundred more were engaged in the theft of votes by less subtle methods at the polls. Wood had won the election by about 9,000 votes after his strongarm men, including the police, had stolen at least 10,000.

The Republican-controlled state legislature decided, therefore, that before it did anything else about the problem of Wood, it had to take his police force away from him. Accordingly, a Metropolitan Police Bill was passed in Albany, which placed the police of New York City and Westchester County under a state commission to be appointed by the governor, who, coincidentally, was a Republican. The bill went through the state legislature like lightning. Wood countered by simply defying the new law. He announced grandly that it was unconstitutional, and he piously requested his police force to uphold the U. S. Constitution by not participating in the reorganization.

Eight hundred of the police voted to stick with Wood.

An ugly situation, but one not without comic possibilities, was now developing. The State Board of Police Commissioners took the 300 officers who had voted against Wood, added 800 more Republicans to the force, and constituted this new aggregation of 1,100 as the official Metropolitan Police. Wood countered by taking his 800 loyal Democrats, bringing up 300 reinforcements, and calling *this* body the official Municipal Police. In other words, New York City now had two police forces, each of them 1,100 strong, and each of them claiming to be the only legal force. One of them was controlled by the state, one by the city; one was Republican, one Democratic. Under the circumstances, which may yet inspire a musical comedy, a civil war seemed highly probable.

The war might have been averted, at that, if Wood had been able to control his itchy fingers. However, a crisis developed when the Commissioner of Streets died. Wood refused to appoint the Deputy Commissioner to the post; the Deputy Commissioner was both poor and honest, a combination which the mayor found uninteresting. With the job still open, the Republican governor stepped into the picture by appointing a good Republican, an action of dubious legality. While the city was ponder-

ing the implications of this move, Wood finally came up with his own appointment: a man named Devlin, who paid the mayor \$50,000 for the privilege of being Street Commissioner. With a state and a city-appointed Commissioner both intending to take over the job, a clash between the two police forces loomed.

The crisis deepened when Wood threw the state-appointed Street Commissioner out of City Hall, and the latter obtained (from a Republican judge) a warrant for the arrest of the mayor. A member of the (Republican) Metropolitan Police then made a gallant attempt to arrest the mayor in City Hall, but he too was ejected from the premises by Wood's Municipal Police. A band of about fifty Metropolitans now came puffing indignantly to the mayor's office. Exactly what they intended to do when they got there is not clear now and probably wasn't then; in any case, all they succeeded in doing was getting badly mauled by at least 800 of Wood's Municipals. While a number of the Metropolitans were lying unconscious on the grounds outside of City Hall, a new attempt to arrest the mayor was instituted. This one was made by the previously unsuccessful member of the Metropolitan Police in conjunction with the Sheriff of New York County and a lawyer. Wood, now tightly barricaded inside his office, told them to go to hell.

Eventually, of course, Wood was arrested. It took the Seventh Regiment of the New York State Militia to do it, but it was done. A truce was finally arranged between the two police forces, and some time later the federal courts dissolved Wood's Municipal Police. The mayor was released from the clink, and returned to his desk in City Hall. And that was that.

AFTER HIS SECOND administration, Wood began to lose control of the local Democratic organization. He thereupon organized his own political machine from the ground up. It was called Mozart Hall, and of it the usually dispassionate *Dictionary of American Biography* says, "In obedience to a single will it surpassed any previous political organization in the city." With Mozart Hall backing him, Wood was able to return once more to the mayor's office, from 1859-61.

Oddly enough, one of the principal issues in Wood's 1859 campaign was slavery, which he defended ardently. Judging from Wood's record, it would seem fair to guess that his defense of slavery was less a matter of principle than of preserving his own personal Southern business interests, including his lotteries. In any event, Wood and his brother Ben, who was now running the *Daily News*, became the principal leaders of Copperhead opinion in New York as soon as secession

became an issue. When Fort Sumter fell, the *Daily News* went after Lincoln so viciously that a federal grand jury seriously considered bringing the paper up for indictment. Its printed utterances, the jurors thought, were "calculated to aid and comfort the enemy." For a while, the newspaper was banned from the mails.

The climax of Wood's fight against Lincoln was his proposal, which was almost adopted, that New York City secede from the union and form an independent nation. This nation would include Manhattan Island, Staten Island, and Long Island, and Wood even had a name for it: Tri-Insula. "Why," he asked the city's Common Council, "should not New York City, instead of supporting by her contributions in revenue two thirds of the expenses of the United States, become also equally independent? As a free city, with but a nominal duty on imports, her local government could be supported without taxation upon her people. Thus we could live free from taxes, and have cheap goods nearly duty free."

The Common Council metaphorically leaped for joy at these pleasant prospects, and they arranged for Wood's "emancipation proclamation" to be printed in huge quantities. The councilmen were eventually brought back to their senses

by pressure exerted from Wall Street over Wood's shoulder, and the proposal for New York to go into business for itself died a lingering death.

So did Wood's prospects in New York City. With the growth of a stronger war sentiment in the city, Wood was finally finished politically outside of his own district. He went to Congress in 1863, where he immediately distinguished himself by voting against Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. His extraordinary talent for finagling, and his slowly accumulating seniority, eventually made him a personage of some consequence in the House of Representatives. But his own party never really trusted him. Although he got to be majority floor leader in 1877, he was bypassed for speaker of the House at a time when he appeared to be in line for the job.

LIKE MOST ROGUES, Wood lived to a healthy old age (sixty-eight) and died a peaceful death. He was survived by his widow, eleven of his sixteen children, and a reputation which, though not the kind that inspires school children, at least never appeared to bother him while he was alive. It would be a pity if such flat and colorless characters as Jimmy Walker and Bill O'Dwyer were allowed to usurp his rightful position as New York's very worst mayor.

*The story of the puta — and the “democracy
of the lowest common denominator”*

SEX IN PUERTO RICO

Peter Minot

IN THE LURID annals of vice, the great port cities of the world — Port Said, Shanghai, Marseilles — have acquired international notoriety. Yet experts in illicit erotica rate Skid Row, San Juan, a unique and wonderful phenomenon. Perhaps this redlight section lacks the exotic qualities of those whorehouse capitals. But it has a kind of carefree abandon which makes up for the missing overtones of violence.

For one thing, this stretch of San Juan waterfront is no boil on the conscience of Puerto Rico. The present practical and efficient administration tolerates it without a tut-tut. For another, like the Old Ox Road, it is “not a place but just a proposition,” part of that sex-steeped atmosphere which the tourist today, as he leaves the Isla Grande airport (or the GI as he stepped off the gangplank at Fort Buchanan in the war years), can almost breathe.

In cabarets among the warehouses and in the narrow streets of the old city, Skid Row and the Puerto Rican prostitute wear their rue with

a difference. It stems from the subtropical effervescence of the island and from its social system. The climate is lush and impelling. The social system decrees that though there is rum and sun in plenty here, for women there is very little destiny. The island is under U. S. protection, but its surface culture is Latin and its real soul is a compound of Indian, Negro, and white. Industrialization, transplanted by Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, has begun to modernize the *mores*, but the woman still walks a one-way street. Whether on the shady or the respectable side, the outcome is sex, for propagation or profit.

Where the American girl can aim as high as her talent, her looks, and her cunning will take her, the Puerto Rican female of the species has no such luck. There are only a handful of jobs open to her — in the San Juan department stores, in the banks and business houses, to an even lesser extent in the Insular Government or its semi-official agencies.

If she has ideals, money enough

for education, and plenty of gumption, she can teach school in the mountainous back country or take up some form of social work. But convention bars her from such jobs as waiting on table in restaurants or hotels — eminently respectable in the states. With two million people crowded together on Uncle Sam's Caribbean island, with not enough jobs to go around even for the men, most Puerto Rican girls are limited to one legal activity — marriage.

So the good girl sits at home and waits for a husband. Among the palms, the flamboyantes, and the warm, beating sea, the push of life is frank and powerful. It isn't easy to sit at home and wait. Nature more than states its case, and the rebuttal of mama and papa, though strong, was devised for the more austere plains of Castile. From puberty onward, the Puerto Rican girl is watched with hawklike care. By elaborate espionage and eternal vigilance, nature is suppressed. The old Latin system of chaperonage works fairly well, but it does not make for proper social adjustment.

Not only "continentals" — the Puerto Rican designation for state-siders — arrive at these conclusions. The Puerto Rican male was already on Skid Row when the thousands of GIs sent down to man the great Army and Air Force installations in Puerto Rico discovered, and nicknamed, Skid Row. The only differ-

ence in attitude was that where the Puerto Rican took the status quo for granted — and maintained at least one *chu-chi* "por la izquierda" — the GI was annoyed by the ubiquitous dueñas who were standard equipment on all dates, just as he was baffled by the effect repression had on the character of the respectable *borinqueña*.

Enforced circumspection sapped the "good" Puerto Rican girl of her verve, and of the warmth associated with the Latin temperament. Picayune, uninteresting, intellectually pallid, the girls that were met socially (always attended by mother, sister, or maiden aunt) seemed to face life with a hopeless, if disgruntled, resignation. They had little to offer as dance partners, hand-holders, or friends. They talked little, and in machine-gun bursts, danced listlessly to the pounding rhumba, and looked accusingly at continental or insular boys who went to parties with no thought of marriage in their heads.

THE ANSWER to the "good" girl has always resided at the end of the crooked street which leads from the Plaza Colon to the waterfront. What the questing male found there, and finds today, was something else again.

One of the rowdier joints during the war years — and no Epworth League today — was the "Riviera." Under a rust-streaked marquee,

open doors led to a precipitous stairway. It was adorned by a mural — a jaundiced portrait of General MacArthur floating on a red, white, and blue field over an unevenly lettered legend: “We here highly resolved dead shall not died in vain.” Up the stairs, a long, low-ceilinged room was crowded with sailors, soldiers, civilians, girls, tables, a small dance floor, and a long bar. A bilingual pandemonium packed the rafters.

This was a typical joint, although the cynical pointed out that the incidence of teeth in the Riviera girls’ mouths was a little lower than elsewhere. A half-dozen other cabarets, strung along two waterfront streets and romantically named, made up the heart of the city’s red-light zone. GIs from Los Angeles, Montgomery, St. Louis, Madison, and Boise were habitués during those fighting years. Tourists from urban and suburban America have replaced them. Whatever their sweethearts, wives, and mothers may feel about the squalid corner of humanity, to many it was home.

Strangely enough, the Skid Row cabarets vary little in externals from resorts of the kind anywhere else in the world. The garish decorations never seem to keep up with the waves of people who wash against them. The bright colors seem to fade almost immediately. Small, out-of-tune bands play thunderously and almost continuously. A jam of couples dances suggestively and

energetically — but no more so than in one of the tougher dime-a-dance joints in New York or Chicago.

The girls cluster together, laughing, chattering, bickering. When one of them gets angry, she will fling up her skirt, wiggle her hips, and make an obscene gesture with a closed fist. Now and then, one will peel off from the group and parade past the men at the bar, dancing in solo to the music and doing a quick bump when she catches a man’s eye. At the first response, or even without it, she will be at his side, rubbing against him, alternately endearing and demanding. She will ask for drinks and attention.

(For the record it should be noted that these girls drink real rum and real Coca Cola — not the strong tea masquerading as whiskey which B-girls and others in the states are served as a further way to rook the sucker.)

At the tables, girls drink and talk with the patrons, offer to dance with them — the rhumba of Skid Row is unique, with the partners standing so close that GIs tagged it, “getting your belt-buckle shined” — attempt to strike bargains, and employ means of inducement and cajolery which would bring the police storming down in many parts of the world. During the war years, the MPs kept this preliminary play at something of a minimum, but today it includes much that is

usually considered proper only in the privacy of the bedroom or the back seat of a parked car.

What the "good" girl lacks in humanity, the Skid Row girl has in abundance. Not as pretty, certainly not as clean, often crude of mannerism and obscene of language, the San Juan *puta* is genuinely friendly and full of life. She goes down to the Row not only to make a living but to dance and have fun. And she is neither the broken-down sexual hack common to most redlight sections nor the desperate white slave of fiction. She is neither the mentally deficient nymphomaniac who has drifted into the profession nor the grimy Victory Girl gone pro.

For the most part, she is quite young — they mature early in the tropics — from 14 to 20 is the usual age span. Small, nervous, gay, dark, high-hipped and high-breasted, she carries a tremendous sexual potential. So she doesn't go in for the phony and tawdry allure of sleazy sateen, low-cut evening dresses, or shiny ornaments. As a matter of fact, she dresses much like other young women of her age and class do — often in starched white blouse and gaily-colored skirt. Except for her walk, indescribable but identifying, and the directness of her look, she might be any girl at a high school dance.

She has joined the ancient profession as an escape from the squalor of slums like El Fanguito and La Perla

— the most noisome in San Juan — but she does not consider her means of livelihood a matter for shame or bravado. On Sundays, when she dresses up to see a matinee, she is propriety personified. On these occasions, she will permit no one to take liberties or to treat her in any manner other than of respect. This applies to all men — even one with whom she sported the previous evening. Now and then, she is joined in the trade by an upper-class girl who got bored with crocheting doilies and cut loose from her family.

As a choice of occupation, the Skid Row life has much to recommend it. The Skid Row girl can make considerably more than her respectable sister. Often she is married and adds her earnings to the family income. If she is single, her chances for a marriage that will take her out of the slums are improved. The clever girl saves her money — and there are many who do — in order to pay for a house which will stand in lieu of a dowry. In her cups she may succumb to woman's eternal plaint that all men are beasts, but she never really believes this. And because she has rejected the mumbo-jumbo of the Castilian *mores* which make woman a moral slave of man, she is pretty self-reliant and seldom the prey of pimps who would take away the major share of her earnings.

For the Skid Row *puta*, the false modesties and social hobbles of the good Latin girl are forever put aside, giving her an Elizabethan robustness which however shocking lessens the coyness of male-female relations. Paying her own way, she can meet men on equal terms more readily than the American career girl. Because she has flouted convention, she is a woman who exists in a man's world, who can speak his language and hear him out with no false blushes. Business aside, she can be friendly to the men who make the waterfront joints their clubs. In the chips or broke, these men find laughter and sympathy there.

And she, too, considers Skid Row a sort of club. Even when pregnancy or other female "ills" place her *hors de combat*, she will spend her evenings on the Row. During the war, it was a little startling to find some of the most moral among American troops, the Mormons, passing an evening in these dens of vice, never touching a woman or a drink but having a simple good time. And there were always girls to sit at a table with them, to talk to them, even though it was understood that this was merely a social engagement.

Each girl on the Row holds court in one particular cabaret. Here she has her regulars — both men who come for the usual purposes and men who merely come for the conversation. Once these men are identified as "friends" or customers

of Julie or Marta or Carmen, they are left completely alone by the other girls. The code says that they may buy drinks or talk to anyone, but if Marta or Julie or Carmen is elsewhere or otherwise occupied, there must be no horsing around with other girls.

In her professional practices, the Skid Row girl does not abide by the Blue Book of the red lights. In a highly competitive market, she is still selective, accepting or rejecting according to personal whim. If a girl does not want a man, he can raise the ante substantially above the current price and be refused. If he attracts her, the price will often go down steadily in inverse proportion to his reluctance.

If he continues to be reluctant, her first reaction will be incredulity, followed by indignation. She will rub up against him, stroke him, and describe the kind of time they will have together. "Qué lindo tu eres," she will say. "Oye, you like me? We have fun, yes? Oye, wassa matter, chu-chi? You think I no good? Mira, I much fun," she will appeal to a passing friend, "oye, és verdad, no?"

If this doesn't evoke a favorable response, she will marvel at his continence, ask him if he has taken a vow of chastity, insist that fidelity to wife or sweetheart is a waste of time, investigate to see if he is really not excited, and deplore his lack of virility. Sometimes, if she finds him

truly attractive, she will suggest that he may be broke and offer to go "upstairs" with him "por amor" — for love. Should he still refuse, she will at first jokingly and then with some irritation accuse him of being a *maricón*, a fairy. Should he then take up with another girl, he will find himself in the center of a kicking, scratching, and hair-pulling contest between the two girls.

"Upstairs," he will learn that no transaction is purely commercial. While he pays for the "room" — a small partitioned space with a bed, a bucket, and a washstand — she will pick up the usual paraphernalia from the towel boy. Once in the privacy of the room, she will listen appreciatively to the giggles and the thumps of the other celebrants and comment on them. She will also immediately inform her partner that this is an occasion for mutual pleasure.

Few girls are interested in amassing as many customers as time and fortune will allow — and those who are win no respect from their colleagues. Consequently, the Skid Row girl is no clock-watcher. The length of her stay with a man is considered a testimonial to her charms and her technique. She does not try to simulate passion, what is more — the reaction is most often real. And seldom, if ever, will she indulge a man's desire for any of the one-sided perversions which rob her of equal enjoyment. All of this takes

the cold edge off what is basically a sordid transaction.

THIS IS A shocker to the northern mind which can accept prostitution only if the whore hates it and the man is degraded by it. The diseases which derive from venery seem to serve as a moral sop for those who deplore the brothel and the red-light cabaret. The Skid Row girl has more than her share of these diseases — and they are hardly ameliorated by penicillin shots and visits to a venereal hospital in Caguas which, early in the war, the GIs neatly renamed the "Caguas College of Carnal Knowledge." But she accepts these tribulations as occupational hazards — and she refuses to accept the belief that sin resides exclusively in her bed.

This perhaps is the Puerto Rican *puta's* greatest charm and her soundest allure. So the paths from the respectable part of town to the dockside remain well-beaten. To the GIs who left San Juan for Kansas, Arkansas, or Utah — and for the fancier tourists who return to New York and Boston — the real nostalgia is not for the sunsets, the tasseled beauty of the cane fields, or the cool Trade Winds rippling over sun-drenched beaches. It is, instead, for the uninhibited evenings in the dingy corners of Skid Row, the rowdy rhumbas of out-of-tune orchestras, and the democracy of a lowest common denominator.

DISK JOCKEY (noun): pundit, gossip, crusader, oracle,
and conman of the spoken word

SEERS FOR THE SLEEPLESS

Manny Farber

HELLO, GOOD MORNING, is it what? No. Australia's a continent, not an island, but I thank you for calling. My goodness me."

"Goodness gracious, everyone wants to win that ten-dollar bottle of perfume. Now, wait a minute, this isn't a contest. I want to talk at you a minute. Tell you what I want to do. Let's do a little helpin'. I was ridin' around in the car Sunday . . . lookin' around and seein' street signs. That's what I do . . . I find out where all you darlings live. You know . . ."

This strange assemblage of words is roughly what New Yorkers by the thousands listen to in the sickeningly

empty hours of the night: it is the babble of the omniscient disc jockeys. Plagued by loneliness in the vastness of an overcrowded city, these cosmopolites "hate to see the evenin' sun go down" as much as the blues singers who do their most passionate minor-key moaning about the isolation that comes with darkness. Things really get bad for the gregarious city-dwellers when the last chances for communing with other human beings are snuffed out by the closing of the neighborhood theatre, the corner saloon, the drug-store hangout with its warmth-spreading juke-box. These are the "after-hours" from midnight on,

when even sex isn't always enough to supply the excitement of companionship that Americans go after almost as hopelessly as dogs chasing after a phony rabbit in a dog race. The new cure-all for these nocturnal ailments is the disc jockey, the glibest worry dispeller we have ever produced. By now, the musical discs have been almost completely replaced by this new opiate for the masses, this friendly, confidential talk, designed to bolster sagging psyches.

The non-stop talker, so popular that night clubs dump their girlie shows for his economical act (it requires only a mike and a telephone), is not necessarily a drug on the entertainment market. He has loosened up the slick gentility of U. S. broadcasting with an informality that radio needs badly if it is ever to get close to the sounds of real life. Some of them — Bill Williams, Barry Gray, Fred Robbins — are among radio's cleverest word jugglers. Their "happiness talk" actually gives the audience, including myself, a badly needed lift. But, in doing so, it makes them imbibe more sheer trash and nonsense in the name of spoken, sung, or written truth than the citizenry of any other country this side of the Iron Curtain. If they could supply the lift without the tricks, falsehoods, and silliness, the disc jockeys would be just about the biggest thing to hit American culture since Walt Whitman.

THE DISC JOCKEY (disc, now, for to discourse) programs come in three sizes: there are the Message Boys who improve humanity, the "guest-in-the-nest" type that makes the listener feel like a cool Broadway celebrity, and the old-fashioned record twirler, who now turns along with the discs.

The disc-man sits hunched towards mike and telephone, willing to talk endlessly to any listeners, but apparently unconcerned with their messages. With smooth pompousness, he picks up the receiver, utters a curt, dictatorial "Yes," and then, after a few sociable remarks, pauses, gets off a type of snide crack that sounds like a pick-ax breaking-up humans instead of rocks, and hangs up in the manner of a man who has been talking to no one. The saloon customers listen half-heartedly, waiters drift by, now and then bringing him a note from a guest: "Mr. and Mrs. Goslin were married tonight and are leaving for Florida at 3:00 P.M." These announcements get a variety of treatments from a grunt to a reaction of great joy, as though the Korean war had just ended. Nothing has been said, of course, but at least this spiel offers lonelies and insomniacs listening at home the security of living in an atmosphere of human activity.

The odd thing about the disc jockey is that he has converted the oldest nuisance on the American scene into a beloved bedside com-

panion. At a cocktail party or club meeting, everybody instinctively shuns the speechifying super-salesman type. But the very same tactics work wonders on radio. These programs catch people at their lowest ebb, and offer them the confident abundance of chatter that elevates the spirits even of those people who would shun this sort of thing under ordinary circumstances. In exploiting this need, the disc jockey is part of a lengthy American tradition from which he has borrowed prodigiously. From the carny "talker" he has taken the non-stop delivery, and a brassy indifference to what the crowd thinks. He mugs and gags like a nightclub M.C. He takes what he wants from all sorts of big time entertainers; for example, he has gleaned his sincere soft-shoe delivery from Bing Crosby.

Tops in mush is "Happiness Exchange," a two-hour friendship orgy, containing quickie quizzes, periods for prayer, fund-raising sessions to buy guide-dogs or radios for the afflicted. The audience phones in whatever is demanded by jockey "Big Joe," who answers their calls before the mike. "Meet Me at the Copa," which issues from a famous night club, relies chiefly on heavy glamor. In this one Ted Lawrence interviews celebrities and takes calls from bobbysoxers who just want to say "hello" and mention wistfully that they have been roller-skating all evening or seeing their

drafted boyfriend off at Grand Central. He doesn't give them a bad deal. For a ten-cent phone call and only a little embarrassment, a worried girl can get a feeling of importance that can keep her going for almost four days. It's a lot cheaper than Elizabeth Arden.

BIG JOE is one of the most peculiar lingo-throwers in history. He has broken all existing records for the wholesale use of kindly and friendly language. He seems to regard his audience as slices of bread, using speech that butters the phoner's face, and then spreads strawberry jam all over it. "Oh thank you darling, thank you darling, God Bless you" is one of Joe's harsher greetings. A voice ringing with earthy virtues gives him immediate entry into listeners' hearts. He talks at a slow, climbing crawl which, like the revivalist's shriek, becomes high and hysterical as he tries simultaneously to be neighborly, Godly, and natural. His burlesqued New Orleans accent is one ear-catcher in a rich performance that consists of musical incantations, sudden shrieks of jovial harrassment (HUSH, PHONE!), heartwarming dissertations on the Ten Commandments, and explosions of laughter that sound like a six-year-old being tickled under the armpit. His unrestrained exhibition loosens up his listeners, not only emotionally but economically.

The program is constantly being assailed by a flood of small change, wrinkled bills, and used bric-a-brac pouring into Big Joe's favorite charities. Big Joe's talk may make sense to the habitués; to a casual listener, it is apt to sound like a cross between a Mississippi steamboat, Kate Smith, "Red" Barber, and the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick: "Please, won't somebody please guess this ole question. Ah've got these eight radios foah Bellevue. Good Moooooorning, Happiness Exchange . . . no, not croquet, you silly, not tiddly-winks, not parchesi, not chess, Tommy Fleming first world champion of this sport . . . no, no, Choo-choo wanted to know if it was squash."

"Symphony Sid" is a monstrously shrewd fellow. As a pioneer in the chattering disc jockey program, he was the most indifferent of all jazz-loving announcers, including razzmatazz linguists like Fred Robbins, Leonard Feather, "Jazzbo." Each of these lads believed in a special type of jazz and presumed to know as much about it as those who played it. But Sid was an esthete who showed no erudition: he simply babbled ecstatically and importantly, plying his talk with "real" sentences as though he were making the listener a guest at a wild frolic, i.e., "things are really jumping," "Man, we're having ourselves a real ball." Still one of radio's most original "sound men," he grabs your ear by suggest-

ing a lethargic lizard so activated by benzedrine that he has taken to galloping around the terrain like a happy giraffe.

Sid was the first disc man to prove that midnight listeners don't want information — all they want is the sound of cheerful strutting life about them. People probably think they want information, but instead Sid gives them the sounds of an exciting world, which he perpetrates with vocal tricks and the enthusiasm of a man who is on the inside of something very big. His spiel dwells on topics that link the listener to the noisy, carefree world of the jazz orgy. Even his laxative commercials are read with the ecstatic excitement of one who has just promised you four uninterrupted days of hearty merrymaking. Another plug with this ragged rhythm: "I want you to *dig* my friend *Al* . . . he has all the *new sounds* of Jazz . . . you'll find the *blues*, the great *mamba* sides, the great *Dizzy Gillespie*, the great *Charlie Parker* . . ." This transports the listener from an empty room across the city to a small, brightly lit record shop that is jumping with wild sounds and zany characters. With vocal color and his weird placement of emphasis, Sid removes all problems from conversation, and puts you where you can enjoy the gaudy social pleasures consummately without exercising a brain cell, moving a muscle, or leaving your chair.

ANOTHER PROFESSIONAL “friend” is Cookie (of Cookie’s Caravan). This hero sounds like a broth of a farmer’s boy, not very bright but strong on homey sentiment. In the key moments of his program, he breaks into long verses of chin-up philosophizing; with a sad, corny record playing behind him, he paints a lachrymose picture of the mean way people carry on after a tiring day at the office, and then this same weary Cookie describes the virtues of a cheerful countenance, a helping hand. Cookie’s rich basso is saturated with self-confidence, but he sells his pious exhibitionism by affecting the IQ of a simple, uncalculating fellow. He foregoes telephone calls and games; his program of “ballady” records and talk is rigged like a make-believe train ride that transports listeners away from slums, smog, and subway jams. Conductor Cookie offers friendship and reassurance in uplifting “you” sentences of four or five words — “Don’t you get discouraged . . . and don’t you forget . . . and don’t you be blue.”

In the wee, phantasy-producing hours of the night there is a radio companion for just about every variety of bored, frightened, or dissatisfied listener. “Serious-minded” people can tune in Controversialist Barry Gray and have invigorating hair-pulling and hair-splitting on subjects like Frank Costello, antivivisection, or legalized prostitution. The snob-set and its aspirers

snuggle close to Igor “Cholly Knickerbocker” Cassini and his low-garbling of syntax with highly situated people from sparsely inhabited places like Newport and Bermuda. Knickerbocker is a self-satisfied newcomer to radio, who operates as a social ice-breaker, and who can be heard at 11:00 P.M., washing and flopping in the verbal waves like a nervous aardvark: “De odder night, if I may use de woid ‘cute,’ I tawk wid dat cute inhabitant, dat puhson who is called Maggi MaNellis by duh best people.”

WHAT IS THE secret of their success? The disc jockey would like to think it is “sincerity,” but much more probably it is shrewd showmanship. Like an old trouper, he talks directly at an individual rather than a large audience, as though the listener were being singled out as a beloved friend of the announcer’s family. “How’s yoah mother feeling . . . not so good . . . well it’s mighty sweet of you to send money foah our newspaper . . . our Happiness Exchange newspaper . . . our little newspaper.” He manages to exude so much sympathy and pleasure that it encourages others to phone in for a similar reception.

Listeners follow his pampering speech like an army of rats in the wake of a Pied Piper. But while the mythical Piper played a tune that was completely of his own making,

his modern counterpart offers talk that is a mimicry of the words and intonations his listeners use every day. By carefully gearing their dialogue down to the level of the most commonplace listener, these opportunistic shrewdies give the average guy a big lift by putting an okay on his conversation, taste, and intelligence. These programs keep telling him that the way he is, is the right way to be. He figures, "This jockey guy makes a million dollars a year." By self-identification, he figures he, too, can be a Big Shot Success and make a million dollars.

A good jockey plays to each member of the family; he jokes about his own wife and kids like a fond parent, trills like a serious housewife about a handsome pocketbook, and soars effortlessly into bobby-sox ecstasy over an undernourished crooner. He makes emotionally charged displays of vulnerability as a comrade-in-arms. "My dear Mrs. Marty, I've never got provoked at a telephone call. I've wanted to be a little bit bigger than the telephone call." If this outburst doesn't prove his freedom from pretense, the next step is to sound still more natural and untrained. So he breaks into a thought with an embarrassed aside — "You're staring, oh how you are staring"; he loses the thread of conversation so that he can giggle like a drunken uncle at his niece's marriage; he gives it the Fred Robbins' touch of

intimacy, breathing heavily and talking as though he were running up a steep hill.

THE NIGHT RIDER of the air-waves shuttles between two worlds of sound. From everyday life, he takes the cozy words familiar to the ear. The other world, the peculiar creation of disc jockeys, is made up of oral pyrotechnics, tricks for multiplying conversation, drawing attention, building suspense. The disc men are the nerviest noise creators in captivity; in order to keep their insipid discourse from dying on the air-waves, they will bellow, purr, explode, or talk like angels. "Anything to break the monotony" is their first working rule, and they succeed by providing the most remarkable sounds in radio. Fred Robbins has a five-year-old reciting commercials; Barry Gray spikes a discussion of Miami hotel rates with a dig at his restaurant audience: "This place sounds like the Chicago stockyards;" and any chunk of Big Joe's ranting has a variety of words and images that would satisfy a good surrealist poet.

"And we keep right on going" is a pet announcement of Symphony Sid. These disc men will do anything in order to keep the conversation rolling endlessly. Their constant questioning "hooks" the caller into an obligation to respond. These "hooks" create a weird conversation made up of grunts, pauses, sociable

phrases, and the “Yes, I know” answer that tells the radio audience nothing. This paucity of information is frustrating, so you listen indefinitely, just waiting for a crumb of enlightenment to grab hold of. All of which goes to prove that these midnight programs are well-timed, because if you were to listen to them in the daytime, they would probably put you to sleep.

Still another factor that makes for the popularity of these programs has to do with the usually painful relationship of the American to Words. It is hard to imagine the average Frenchman or Italian — people to whom buzz-saw talking is probably the easiest thing they do — accepting, much less asking, for a radio entertainer whose foremost talent is ceaseless chatter. For talk that never tightens up, stumbles or embarrasses itself in company is like circus magic in a country that is impressed by the man who can simultaneously sound off and keep his foot out of his mouth; i.e., Al Smith, Joe Louis, Roosevelt.

The one disc jockey who almost satisfies this thirst for intelligent articulation and exploits all the weird possibilities of the non-musical record program bears the fake-sounding moniker, Barry Gray. He is, without doubt, the glib but most spontaneous radioriginal since the early Henry Morgan tried nightly to ruin his sponsor’s “elevated shoe” sales.

Gray runs a combination show — current events and celebrities — at a pink-walled, rather genteel bistro named Chandler’s, and he has nudged the idea of impersonal radio chatter in all of the more reasonable directions. An Oral Oligarch who is sincere to a painfully humorless point, he created the din of a raging machine-gun battle, with opinions on everything from William O’Dwyer to mile-by-mile descriptions of trans-continental auto trips. Anything that Gray has heard, seen, or done since puberty strikes him as a wonderfully juicy topic that makes him ooze pleasurable belief in his precocity.

Covering an infinite range of topics, Gray nevertheless manages to keep all of his conversation going on a reasonably intelligent level. He never gets very brilliant, but I have rarely heard him make a stupid remark, except when he is engaged in the tiresome business of flattering someone. Fundamentally Gray seems to think there are two wonderful classes of people in America: successful theatre people and people who have the “right ideas” on politics. He doesn’t think anything is interesting unless he or the person he is interviewing has a personal relationship to it. If someone mentions a book and he doesn’t know the author he doesn’t think it worth discussing. The mention of a character in a recent best-seller drew the bewildering response, “Who’s that,

someone you know?" His feeling for personal relations is a monomania and in a way a weakness, but it seems to be what people crave and need on radio. It also helps to make him, for all-round intimate chatter and varied ad-libbing, the most gifted improviser on radio.

GRAY is a touchy, young Californian with a nervous manner, mellifluous voice, and certain rabid traits possessed by all disc jockeys. His tongue runs wild on Americanisms: "This system is a great one . . . we are the only people on earth existing at this moment. . . ." The type of self-confidence that smiles at itself rather than the audience, makes him drool over his own taste and strength of character: "What a wonderful world it would be if everyone told the truth, Gosh! . . . most of the people who come here tell the truth." Sometimes he lords it over his phonecallers, pouncing on faux pas, like "propagation" used by someone who meant "propaganda," until you wonder why anyone ever calls him. Probably, some of his callers are just masochists, dying to get their ears pinned back—but the rest want to test their verbal powers against a guy who's become known as the Champ. The competitive urge draws an impressive lineup of opponents—standouts in their own fields—who work for nothing and take the chance of getting their reputations

jarred by taking an oratorical "beating" on the air.

Gray brings to disc-jockeying a frankness that steps on toes, and hides little. He trades opinions with Big Shot guests, choosing subjects from the front-page of the newspaper, which he seems to have studied before going on the air. His political position veers first to the right, then to the left of center; he is anti-MacArthur, for outlawing the Communist party, pro-U.M.T., pro-Acheson, anti-socialized medicine. Gray is Jewish and he is driven by anti-Semitic letter-writers and phoners to brandishing that fact on nearly every program. He obligingly reads their notes over the air: "Why don't you go back to Israel?", or even more fascinating "Why don't you go back to Africa?"

Despite his name, which suggests an empty smoothie, he is a pugnacious debater and a solemn wit who describes the lady who lives over Chandler's as a "very nice lady . . . every once in a while she bangs on the ceiling with a broom . . . in the daytime she flies around on it." A reference by the boss to the decor of Chandler's drew the accurate response: "What decor?" A famous guest, trying too hard to prove his Hooper rating as a comic ran into the vicious haymaker: "We're not going to do the old insults again?"

As you can see, it's just a question of who can outlast whom. My bet is on the disembodied voice.

*Why a Young Russian Soldier Gave a
Hungarian Woman a Pair of Silk Stockings*

“WE’RE HUMAN BEINGS, TOO”

ALEXANDRA ORME

IN 1944, IN A Hungarian village, seventeen people were sitting in a cellar, expecting the Russian armies. For two days Germans and Russians had been fighting over their heads but today it seemed quieter; nobody was shooting. The children grew restless and wanted to go up to see the first Soviet soldiers, but they were told to keep quiet, and only some of the men went up to see what was going on. They came back very soon with the news. The village was occupied by the Red Army.

“How do they look, the liberators? What are they doing? Are they sacking the population? How do they behave?”

These were the questions the men heard on their return to the cellar.

But they answered unwillingly, pretending indifference, the better to hide their fears.

“They look like hooligans, par-

tisans, or marauders, not like any regular army I ever saw,” said one of the men.

“Ildiko!” called the priest of the village from his dark corner in the cellar. “You know your new responsibility; you’re the only one who can talk to them.”

A woman turned her head. “I hardly speak Ruthenian, it’s so many years since I last spoke it,” she said. She was middle-aged and plump, with a large, kind face.

“Good gracious! what will we do if they don’t understand what Ildiko tells them?” shouted another woman. “If she speaks only Ruthenian it might prove as hard for a Russian to understand as Dutch for a German.”

“Not in the least,” and the priest waved his hand to quiet them. “The Slav languages are all very much alike. I’m sure every Russian will understand Ildiko’s Ruthenian.”

One of the men asked: “Mrs.

Ildiko, do you still remember the speech you have to make?"

He was a deserter from the Hungarian army, a lieutenant. For two weeks he had been hiding in this cellar, and expecting the Russians. For him liberation meant more than it did for anybody else. But now, when the Russians were round the corner, he felt uneasy and scared.

"Do repeat your speech, Mrs. Ildiko, just to make sure. Will you?" said the old village druggist, with a kind smile.

Ildiko laughed. She suddenly felt so important. A peasant woman, with a baby hanging at her bare breast, bent over and whispered. "And don't forget to tell them in your speech that they should not take away the cows of the poor."

"Don't be silly, Juliska!" said the only land-owner in the village, who was sitting next to the priest.

She was an old noble woman, proprietor of a small manor, ruined now by German bombs.

"They will be after my ruins, not your cow, I hope. I'm their enemy, not you, though I'm a beggar, and you've still got everything!"

"Now, now," the deserter lieutenant said, trying to calm them down. "We want to hear the speech. Let's have a last rehearsal." And pretending he was a master in a school, he pointed his finger at Ildiko and said severely: "Farkas Ildiko, do tell us now. . . ."

Everybody laughed. They were still excited by their recent fear, but now the tension was dissolved in jokes and laughter.

"Say it first in Hungarian!" shouted several voices.

Ildiko laughed too, cleared her voice, put her hands on her opulent chest, and pretending to be a prima donna, started in a dramatic tone. "Long live the Red Army! Long live Stalin!"

But immediately she was interrupted by a whole chorus.

"Skip Stalin! Why should we like Stalin? They have to chase the Germans, Stalin or no Stalin. Long live the Red Army will do!"

Ildiko continued: "There are only women and children here. The cellar belongs to our priest. We don't hide arms or Germans. We're all Hungarians, nothing but Hungarians. We are happy to greet you in our country. . . ."

"You should have mentioned the cows of the poor," whispered again the woman with the baby hanging at her breast.

"Oh, shut up!" screamed the old woman, ex-proprietor of the manor. "You're going to be liberated now, not me. I'll probably be sent to Siberia by your saviors. Didn't I oppress you terribly since ages?"

Everybody giggled. It was fine to laugh again.

"Let's thank our Lord that we're all alive and that our village was spared," said the old priest in a

solemn and trembling voice. He knelt down on the dirty floor. "Our Father . . ."

All the women knelt down quickly, and an old peasant too. The three men were standing with bent heads and grave faces. They were all praying aloud.

Heavy steps were heard on the stairs of the cellar, and immediately after, fists were banging at the door. Then somebody pushed the door, probably with a rifle, and the old wood cracked and gave way. Everybody in the cellar jumped to his feet and hid in dark corners. The old druggist stayed near the priest, and so did a boy of sixteen, looking bravely at the entrance. The ex-lieutenant dashed to the door: a group of Russian soldiers stood there, against the light, so that you could hardly distinguish their faces.

"Ildiko, Ildiko, now, now." The cellar was full of scared whispers.

"How are you?" asked Ildiko in Ruthenian, and the Russian heads turned in her direction like one man.

"Hi, you! Are you from the Ukraine?" said one of them. His voice was harsh and unpleasant. There was silence. Then: "Get the hell out of the way, kids!" shouted another, pushing his comrades aside. "Don't stand in the lights! Let's see who's hiding here."

The soldiers stepped aside. Some of them went down into the cellar. One of them, seeing the priest,

pointed at him with his finger.

"Who's that? A priest?" he roared.

"Yes, yes," said Ildiko, and her voice was less sure than it had been a minute ago.

"You come with us," said a young soldier, pulling at the sleeve of a young peasant woman hidden behind her invalid husband.

"Don't!" shouted the terrified girl, and looking at Ildiko, "What does he want?" she asked, her childish eyes wide open.

"She's got an invalid husband. He just lost his arm at the front. She has to do everything for him; he can't yet use his left hand." Ildiko was explaining as fast as she could. "Leave her alone, soldier. We don't hide any Germans, we don't hide arms. We are just women and children in this cellar, we are so happy you came. . . ."

"O.K., O.K., skip it," answered the soldier. "You go up with us. We want to find out where you get your Ruthenian from."

"You might be a spy, one never knows," cut in another soldier with a nasty laugh. "We will find out upstairs who you are."

The old priest rose to his feet. "Leave the woman alone!" he said in broken Slovak. "She's working here in the postoffice. She's quite innocent; I know her."

But the soldier didn't even listen to him.

"You better sit down and keep

your trap shut, little father," said one of them rather softly. "Be happy the Germans didn't kill you. Pray to your God and mind your own business. As long as you pray to your God and don't interfere with us, we don't mind, you know. We're here to catch spies, and if you poke your nose in everything we might think you're a spy yourself, see?"

And to make himself better understood, the young soldier pushed the priest with five strong, short fingers. The old man almost fell. The druggist ran to his rescue. He was holding him now, and the two old men looked funny and pathetic.

"Oh, leave him alone," said another soldier, disgusted and rather ashamed, and pushed his comrade away from the priest. "Can't you see he's old? Remember your grandfather, if you've got one. Let's take the woman quick, and off we go."

"We're innocent people! Why are you dragging me away?" shouted Ildiko in despair. "We are not spies, we don't hide arms or Germans. Nothing, just Hungarians in this cellar. Why don't you search us?"

"I beg you, officer, to search this cellar," said the old priest ceremoniously, in a shaking voice.

"Oh, shut up, all of you!" shouted the bad soldier, and pointed his short gun at the crowd.

Some of the women shrieked. The ex-lieutenant jumped towards the soldier and patted his arm. "*Tavarishch*," he said, "*Tavarishch*,

nie harasho, women, kids, *nie kulturno*. . . ."

In the meantime the other soldiers were dragging Ildiko up the steep staircase.

"Why?" asked the ex-lieutenant of the bad soldier, and showed with his head the group on the stairs. "We are *harasho* people, good people, *tavarishch*!"

"Shut up!" roared the soldier and raised his gun. Again some of the peasant women shrieked. One of the soldiers came running quickly down the stairs.

"What the hell, Vanya? Don't scare them. They will shout, and we won't succeed, that's all. Come on, you fool." He pulled at his sleeve and they both disappeared behind the door.

Ildiko was standing, blinking with her eyes in the March sun.

"Come on, spy!" said the bad soldier and pushed her in the direction of the rectory.

Surrounded by soldiers, Ildiko found herself in the old priest's bedroom. One of the Russians stayed outside, another locked the door after him. Six dirty young men made a circle round her. They were rather short, on sturdy, strong legs. They smelled of garlic and perspiration.

"Undress," said the oldest in a mild, ashamed voice.

Terrified to death, Ildiko lifted both hands to her throat, as if somebody were strangling her. "Why?

What?" she mumbled.

"We must search you," laughed the bad soldier. "D'ye get me? Take off your skirt, we want to see what documents you're hiding under it."

"I don't understand," whispered Ildiko.

"Here you are, comrades," said the third soldier. "In five minutes she forgot her Ruthenian. Isn't it strange, now isn't it. . . ." He was pulling down his gun.

"I'll try to make you understand what it's all about."

"You will recover your senses immediately, just let me help you," the bad soldier was also pulling down his gun with a broad grin. "You just wait."

AND THAT'S HOW Ildiko was raped six times, and indeed understood in time what it was all about, though her understanding didn't help her much.

The Russians changed the sentinel before they left. The bad soldier went out, and in his place a slim young boy entered the priest's bedroom.

"It's your turn, Pietya. But we can't wait for you, kid. You and Vanya can join us later. We must rush now, to look for some food and wine."

"O.K.," said Pietya, and put his gun on the priest's table.

And so Ildiko was raped for the seventh time.

Somebody knocked at the window with his fist. Pietya jumped out of bed and opened the window, putting his head out.

"You're in love or what? Want me to freeze to death here, little son-of-a-bitch?" said Vanya's voice.

"Go home, Vanyusha. I don't need you anymore. Thanks just the same. See you later," answered Pietya.

And he shut the window. Ildiko was sitting, curled up in one corner of the bed, between muddy cushions and sheets. Her eyes were closed, and big tears were running down her cheeks and falling on her fat white knees.

"Don't cry," said Pietya gently. "It won't help you," he added in a matter of fact voice, sitting himself on the bed. "You are pretending you are our allies now, our friends, and still the girls run away whenever they see us. Is it nice? At home, in Ukraine, they run to meet the soldiers. You don't know which one to choose, they are so many. But here you need seven armed men to catch one. That's what you call allies in Europe."

"Bastards," said Ildiko, not impressed, and with a heavy sob, "Asiatics! Dirty dogs! That's what you are: like dirty dogs, not like men. Even the Germans wouldn't. . ."

Pietya was playing with the corner of the sheet, which rapidly changed its color under his sticky,

dirty fingers.

"Look here," he said, lifting his head. "I'll explain it to you. You're a capitalistic state: prostitution, women-mongering, and all that. The fascist soldiers have brothels. But we are free people. You go to bed with every girl. You like it, she likes it. No forced labor. It's communism, see? Everybody's free. Communism," he added gravely.

"That's just what I see," answered Ildiko, wiping her nose with the back of her hand. "Freedom, liberty, no prostitution. Seven armed men rape a defenseless woman. You like it, she likes it. Quite simple. No forced labor, hey? Bastard."

Pietya looked at her torn skirt and untidy hair. "Where did you get your Ruthenian from?" he asked unexpectedly.

"I'm from the north, from the Carpathians."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-three, and my son is on the front. I've a grownup son. But he's away," and she broke out crying. "I was working here at the post-office. I'm quite alone. Who should defend me?"

"Oh!" said Pietya. "Who'd believe you've got a soldier son? I thought you were twenty-six, twenty-eight. Now, look here," he added comfortably. "Your son is killing us, and we don't mind. Nobody boxed your ears, nobody said a harsh word to you. We know it's not your fault, we can see you're

innocent. The Russians are a good people. Vanya scared you a little bit. But we were afraid you were going to scream, and alarm others. It was for your own good that he frightened you a little bit; you would have had fifteen, and not seven of us, if it weren't for Vanya. He's not bad, just young. Young boys love to scare people, just scare them, you know, just for fun. Nobody hurt you, not even Vanya. So don't cry, what's your name, don't!" and he lifted her chin. "What's your name? Don't cry."

She pushed his hand away with fury. "Nobody hurt me, so? And what if I'll have a baby, and what if I got syphilis? What are you still doing here? Leave me! Leave me alone! I want to go back to my cellar!" and suddenly, "Oh! how can I go back now? How can I face them? Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ, why, why? Why just me?"

"You were nice and fat, and you spoke a Slav language."

But Ildiko started to beat her head against the wall, howling like a child in despair.

"We were not fighting in Roumania, so we don't have syphilis," said Pietya mildly.

"And if you had a baby, so what? A nice, fat, Russian baby. You could bring it up as a Hungarian. You won't even remember who made it. It will be fine like his father. And no trouble with a Russian baby. They're very strong and

healthy. You'll be grateful to us every time you look at him. And in case your son shouldn't come back from the war, you might need it badly."

"Jesus!" shouted Ildiko desperately. "Oh, merciful Jesus! Get out of here! Get out! Why are you still hanging around? Can't you understand, you damn, dirty Asiatic? Can't you see what you've done to me?" She started to pull wildly at her torn skirt and blouse.

Pietya rose to his feet, and fumbled nervously in his pockets. At last he found the thing he was looking for, and triumphantly pulled out a pair of torn silk stockings.

"I'm not from Asia," he said kindly. "I'm from the Poltava district, Ukraine. Look, I wanted to send those to my mother for a girl I know at home. She's called Pasha, we're engaged to be married. Now, you take them. Look, it's silk. Just one hole in them. Now, don't cry, take them, please. We are also just human beings, nothing else. It's nature's fault, see? Nature's," he repeated, as if this word explained everything.

He put the torn, filthy stockings on her knees.

"Take them, dear, please do. And don't nourish a grudge against us. You don't know what our life is like. You can't even imagine what it is to be a soldier. Take these stockings. I can swear to God, they're silk. Look, don't you believe?"

And Pietya was standing there, blushing, pushing his fur cap from the left ear to the right.

"I must be going," he said from the threshold. "Farewell! And don't nourish a grudge against us. We're poor. What could we give you? We don't possess anything ourselves."

"Indeed," Ildiko lifted her head with pride and disdain, "Indeed: one pair of torn stockings is not much."

"Wait," interrupted Pietya in haste, and fumbled again in his pockets. He pulled out a small object and turned it for a while in his fingers, looking at it with tenderness. "Here, take this too. Hey! Look at this present I'm giving you, just look. It's an electric torch," he said slowly, as if the words were most important. "Electric. You press this button and you light it. Look, just a button."

And he put the tiny flashlight next to Ildiko's white knee. Standing in the door, he turned again.

"It has no lamp and no battery. But never mind. You can pinch both somewhere from somebody if you're smart. You know what a battery is? You'll be able to light it then. You put the lamp here, screw it in the top. And you push in the battery from the other end. See?" he said. "You're not cross with us now, are you? You *can't* be cross any more."

And he ran out, leaving the door open.



MR. ACHESON'S DEPARTMENT

(As Seen in 1857)

THE Circumlocution Office was (as everybody knows without being told) the most important Department under Government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time, without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office. Its finger was in the largest public pie, and in the smallest public tart. It was equally impossible to do the plainest right and to undo the plainest wrong, without the express authority of the Circumlocution Office.

If another Gunpowder Plot had been discovered half an hour before the lighting of the match, nobody would have been justified in saving the parliament until there had been a score of boards, half a bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family-vault full of *ungrammatical correspondence*, on the part of the Circumlocution Office.

This glorious establishment had been early in the field, when the one glorious principle involving the difficult art of governing a country, was first distinctly revealed to states-

men. It had been foremost to study that bright revelation, and to carry its shining influence through the whole of the official proceedings. Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving — HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Through this delicate perception, through the tact with which it invariably seized it, and through the genius with which it always acted on it, the Circumlocution Office had risen to over-top all the public departments; and the public condition had risen to be — what it was.

It is true that How not to do it was the great study and object of all public departments and professional politicians all round the Circumlocution Office. It is true that every new premier and every new government, coming in because they had upheld a certain thing as necessary to be done, were no sooner come in than they applied their utmost faculties to discovering How not to do it.

It is true that from the moment

when a general election was over, every returned man who had been raving on hustings, because it hadn't been done, and who had been asking the friends of the honourable gentleman in the opposite interest on pain of impeachment to tell him why it hadn't been done, and who had been asserting that it must be done, and who had been pledging himself that it should be done, began to devise How it was not to be done.

It is true that the debates of both Houses of Parliament the whole session through, uniformly tended to the protracted deliberation, How not to do it. It is true that the royal speech at the opening of such session virtually said, My lords and gentlemen, you have a considerable stroke of work to do, and you will please to retire to your respective chambers, and discuss, How not to do it. It is true that the royal speech, at the close of such session, virtually said, My lords and gentlemen, you have through several laborious months been considering with great loyalty and patriotism, How not to do it, and you have found out; and with the blessing of Providence upon the harvest (natural, not political) I now dismiss you.

All this is true, but the Circumlocution Office went beyond it.

BECAUSE THE Circumlocution Office went on mechanically, every day, keeping this wonderful, all-

sufficient wheel of statesmanship, How not to do it, in motion. Because the Circumlocution Office was down upon any ill-advised public servant who was going to do it, or who appeared to be by any surprising accident in remote danger of doing it, with a minute, and a memorandum, and a letter of instructions, that extinguished him.

It was this spirit of national efficiency in the Circumlocution Office that had gradually led to its having something to do with everything.

Mechanicians, natural philosophers, soldiers, sailors, petitioners, memorialists, people with grievances, people who wanted to prevent grievances, people who wanted to redress grievances, jobbing people, jobbed people, people who couldn't get rewarded for merit, and people who couldn't get punished for demerit, were all indiscriminately tucked up under the foolscap of the Circumlocution Office.

Numbers of people were lost in the Circumlocution Office. Unfortunates with wrongs, or with projects for the general welfare (and they had better have had wrongs at first, than have taken that bitter English recipe for certainly getting them), who in slow lapse of time and agony have passed safely through other public departments; who, according to rule, had been bullied in this, over-reached by that, and evaded by the other; got referred at last to the Circumlocution

Office, and never reappeared in the light of day.

Boards sat upon them, secretaries minuted upon them, commissioners gabbled about them, clerks registered, entered, checked, and ticked them off and they melted away. In short, all the business of the country went through the Circumlocution Office, except the business that never came out of it; and *its* name was Legion.

Sometimes, angry spirits attacked the Circumlocution Office. Sometimes parliamentary questions were asked about it, and even parliamentary motions made or threatened about it, by demagogues so low and ignorant as to hold that the real recipe of government was, How to do it.

Then would the noble lord, or right honorable gentleman, in whose department it was to defend the Circumlocution Office, put an orange in his pocket, and make a regular field day of the occasion.

Then would he come down to that house with a slap upon the table, and meet the honorable gentleman foot to foot. Then would he be there to tell that honorable gentleman that the Circumlocution Office not only was blameless in this matter, but was commendable to the skies in this matter. Then would he be there to tell that honorable gentleman that it would have been more to his honour, more to his credit, more to his good taste, more

to his good sense, more to half the dictionary of commonplaces, if he had left the Circumlocution Office alone, and never approached this matter. Then would he keep one eye upon a coach or crammer from the Circumlocution Office sitting below the bar, and smash the honourable gentleman with the Circumlocution Office account of this matter.

And although one of two things always happened; namely, either that the Circumlocution Office had nothing to say and said it, or that it had something to say of which the noble lord, or right honourable gentleman, blundered one half and forgot the other; the Circumlocution Office was always voted immaculate, by an accommodating majority.

SUCH A NURSERY of statesmen had the Department become in virtue of a long career of this nature, that several solemn lords had attained the reputation of being quite unearthly prodigies of business, solely from having practised, How not to do it, at the head of the Circumlocution Office. As to the minor priests and acolytes, the result of all this was that they stood divided into two classes, and down to the junior messenger, either believed in the Circumlocution Office as a heaven-born institution, or took refuge in total infidelity, and considered it a flagrant nuisance.

— Charles Dickens in *Little Dorrit*,
1857

*What does television's Mae West do when
she lets out her breath — and relaxes?*

A DAY AND NIGHT WITH **DAGMAR**

Julien Steinberg

I SUPPOSE I waited until it was time to go to bed. We had been drinking coffee and my wife was putting away the dishes when I said, "By the way, don't expect me for dinner tomorrow. I'm doing some research for an article. I'm spending the day with Dagmar." My wife finished the dishes, walked past my chair, patted my head in an unusually maternal fashion, and then said with some tenderness, "Don't get hurt, darling."

The next day, having arrived at my destination on Central Park South, I took the elevator to the top floor, as were my instructions, and then walked the extra flight to the penthouse. Having forgotten to ask in advance what name Dagmar used in civilian life, I had muttered to the elevator operator and he had answered with a warm smile, but no words, merely accepting me as a passenger.

The date, let it be recorded, was July 5, and the hour twelve-thirty P.M. I rang the buzzer and after hav-

ing been asked my name through the door, and given it, I was admitted to the fortress. The woman who let me in had hastily, but modestly, thrown on a kimono. The bandana on her head seemed to have been on somewhat longer. "You're early," she said. "Won't you wait here —," pointing to another room.

The room in which I waited was a large rectangle with four windows making up much of one wall, and three windows and a door leading to a veranda, making up the opposite wall.

I sat for some moments on one of two facing couches and then, noticing something which struck me as familiar, walked over to the one bookcase in the room. Drinkers, uncomfortable in a new setting, head first, I suppose, for a bottle, art fanciers for pictures on the wall, very nervous people for the rest room. Being provincial, I examined the several shelves of books. Having nothing more to do for the moment, I copied down some titles. They were

Star Money, Nature of the Universe, In Sicily, White Tower, Interview with India, The World My Wilderness, Arch of Triumph, Hypnotism, Hypnotism, Hypnotism Comes of Age, A House in the Uplands, Two Adolescents, Anywoman, Westward from Rio, and a library copy of My Last Million Readers.

Before I had finished writing, a door on the far end of the room opened and a thin, dark-complexioned, slightly familiar looking man, quite young, came out. He, too, wore a robe. He was barely awake, but amiable. Had someone let me in, or had the door been open?

It seemed as good a way as any to start the conversation. A woman let me in, I said. "Oh," he said, "then you've already met Dagmar?" "I don't really know," I answered. She certainly hadn't looked like Dagmar. The young man asked if I would like some coffee. He left the room when I said I did, and I used the moment before he came back to scribble down the title of the last book on the shelf.

The young man answered some questions for me. He was Dagmar's husband. His name was Dan Dayton. They had been married since the 21st of May. I was impressed by his exact recollection, hastily remembering that I had forgotten my marriage date, and he explained his good memory by pointing out the recency of the event. He had known Dagmar for a bit more than two

years. He was twenty-seven years old. By now he was pondering his time estimates carefully. Having been commended on his memory, he seemed determined to be exact.

In answer to some more unimaginative questions, he told me that his birthplace was Jersey City, and that he had moved to New York at the age of 12. He had attended New York University. He was in the movies, having played in *At War With the Army*, the *Enforcer*, and, more recently, in *No Questions Asked*.

He had seemed vaguely familiar. I had seen two of the three pictures, but didn't recall him in them. He put me at my ease. "People never remember me. Now they remember me because I'm Dagmar's husband." In *At War With the Army*, he had been the supply sergeant, in the *Enforcer* he played Digger, the killer. In the upcoming picture he played the second lead, namely Harry the cabdriver. Now, as I could see, he was in New York, between calls from the coast.

He filled me in on his wife. She was born Virginia Ruth Egnor, and had been in New York for only five years. At home, in Huntington, West Virginia, she had worked for a loan company. Without previous experience she had landed a job with Olson and Johnson. She had been christened Dagmar (by a comedy writer) on the *Broadway Open House* TV show. Now she was under con-

tract to both NBC and ABC, the latter network having given her a bonus of \$10,000 to sign. Her weekly paycheck was \$1,250. The ABC contract would soon provide her with \$2,000 a week more. (Dan said that Dagmar thought it perfectly ridiculous for anyone to be paid that much.) In the planning stage was a TV show of her own to be called "The Dagmar Story."

How old was Dagmar? "She says," her husband said, "'I'm 24 but let's play like I was 21.'" I did not have time to ask for the details of this attractive game, for suddenly Dan was on his feet, shouting, "The coffee!" and ran from the room.

Dagmar, still unrecognizable to me, had entered, and was reclining on a couch. She now wore a dress, and the bandana. My first real impression of her was rather different from the one I had brought with me. She is large-boned, and somewhat heavier than is fashionable among people of poor taste, but not at all stolid and ponderous, as is the effect produced on TV.

She answered questions quickly. When did she first get interested in show business. She guessed she had always been. "I used to tap dance while going to school." How did she happen to marry her husband? "He was cuing me on scripts. He was doing that and I didn't really realize that I liked him." No, I wrote down, she does not at all seem heavy.

Her husband was back in the room

now, the coffee still not made. It had boiled away. But he was having another try at it. Some moments later he went for the coffee and came back with it. It was quite good.

More questions. How did he feel being married to a famous woman at whom men, so to speak, leered continually? "I like it," he said. "Men would look at her, anyway, even if she weren't famous. All beautiful women get looked at." I had, of course, been talking of leering. He mentioned the fact that she was often called Mae West — in one context or another — and that pleased him, too. The interviewer, having listened for some minutes more than was his usual capacity, now relaxed, and spoke a bit. He confided to Dan Dayton and his wife that if the interviewer were married to Dagmar he would probably feel the need to challenge a dozen men to duels daily. Dagmar and her husband regarded the interviewer as a curiosity. Encouraged by this attention, the interviewer went on to say, candidly, that he had not previously regarded Dagmar as being especially sexy, but now direct observation was altering his belief. Some moments earlier, observation not yet having had its full effect, the interviewer had said that he was — having grown tubercular in libraries — thinking of giving himself an assignment to spend "A Week With Ava Gardner." Dagmar, who had played the Paramount with Sinatra, said, "You and

Frankie." She said it without malice.

At 1:25 Bill Hosie of NBC came in carrying a copy of *See*, a girlie magazine. He handed it to Dagmar who scanned it with clinical eye. "Where did they get the picture?" she asked. They would like a mention of it on the show, Hosie said, presumably referring to *Broadway Open House*. But Dagmar did not seem to respond to the idea. "Like hell!" she said. How did they get the picture? "Remember that guy," her husband said, and remembered a guy, in some setting, who had taken a picture. Dagmar remembered him.

Dan recalled an anecdote about his wife. She had been reading a copy of *Popular Mechanics*, and he had said to her, "Why are you reading this? This is for men." "Well, so am I," Dagmar had answered.

Dagmar's mind was on work now. She was to sing a song all the way through that night on *Broadway Open House*. Although she had sung in public previously, this was to be her full-fledged singing debut on the TV show. The song was "Ballin' the Jack."

By 2 P.M. we were at rehearsals in the Capitol Hotel. Dan was to join us later. The cast sat around a table and talked their way through the script. Every so often someone mentioned how well Dean and Jerry had done the previous day at the Paramount. The praise was in terms of box office figures, and the praise increased with each speaker. Donald

Richards, who is the star of the show each Thursday, objected to reading a line which had him say that Eileen Barton, an energetic colt of a singer, was too young for him. He did not press the point, however. Frank Gallop, the golden voiced handyman on the show, who was certainly too old for Eileen, ventured that she was not too young for him.

At 2:10 Dagmar rose and said casually that she was going to the ladies room, an innocent comment that becomes invested with significance only in print. "If anyone wants me," she said, and then broke off with a vague gesture. When she returned she somehow had a large envelope to hand me. It contained clippings about her and fan mail.

I READ THE fan mail. Dagmar's three chief groups of admirers seemed to be soldiers, women and old men. A lieutenant stationed in New Rochelle sent her a long poem, which began:

*D is for that dazzling, dimpled darling,
A means she's all a doll can be —
G means that she gushes o'er with
glamor
M means she has more than you can
see . . .*

A penciled notation on the back of the envelope read, "Thank him for song and nice letter. Keep in file."

A letter from Korea read: "Just a

short note to thank you for the swell pictures I received tonight. One look at them and my morale went up another fifty points. The only problem now is getting them away from the other guys in the company long enough for me to look at them.” (The notation on the envelope said, “Keep in C.L. file.”)

A more inventive letter from Korea told Dagmar that “oddly enough, we got your picture off a dead Chinese soldier, who was carrying it in his left breast pocket. It seems as if you are almost as popular with the Chinese Army as you are with the men of the 5 Regimental Combat Team. We would appreciate it if you would send us another picture of you so that we could give this one back to the Chinese. They have been attacking us almost nightly trying to reclaim the picture of you they so highly prize, and which we will not part with.”

A lady in Ferndale, Michigan, outlined her problem. She was the only woman in an engineering department with 200 men. “And it’s Dagmar ‘ah,’ ‘oh,’ ‘whew,’ all day long.” The worst case was her boss. “Why it’s beginning to tell on him and he isn’t exactly a kid anymore, 60 years old this past January 5. I’m afraid if he doesn’t quit blowing a fuse every day about Dagmar, he’s going to have a heart attack. Yes sirree — that’s not good for a man his age.” She ended by asking for a picture for her boss. (The en-

velope notation: “Keep in file. Cute letter.”)

Still another letter came from a girl whose boy friend was stationed in Korea. It seems that this girl had sent newspaper photos of Dagmar, but the soldiers couldn’t see what all the shouting was about. “You know Miss Dagmar,” the girl wrote, “it’s strange but my romeo and his gang seem to think I’m kidding them about you — they just can’t picture you — I’ve said no — it isn’t like Betty Grable — and no — you are not like any other glamorous doll they have ever seen — and back came the letters from Korea giving me a great big razzberry — . Please, please, just once let me get ahead of that gang — send that picture! (which she had already described).

Then there were respectful letters from grandfathers, who were being constantly kidded about being Dagmar fans, and there was an honorary membership in a fire department, and a notification of election as “Miss Welder of 1951,” and other such rewards which pour in on the famous. What was amazing about the mail was its respectful tone. I asked Dagmar if she received many — I fumbled for a word — “nut” letters. She said she didn’t, and before I could ask her if I had been handed a careful sampling, she invited me to go through the most recent batch, which were still unopened.

Her husband joined us and we went — in fact, rushed — to Lin-

dy's. Dagmar was due at the beauty parlor and had not much time. She explained that she liked "loose" food, and not steaks, dishes like stews and chopsteak. She ate lightly (my notes perversely omitting what she ate), and then raced for the beauty parlor. She was uncomfortable about my joining her. "You know how women are in beauty parlors," she said, "women sitting around with . . ." We arranged for my entrance to be delayed, so that the women could be prepared for the male invasion.

Dan and I spent about half an hour chatting. I kept asking him if it were not an uncomfortable feeling being married to a woman who, after all, men leered — "No," he said, firmly, "you're only looking," meaning I was determined to find documentation for my preconceptions. I decided I was, and went on to a more proper line of questioning. He furnished me with home-like details, such as Dagmar going about at night in the apartment stealing cookies, and ignoring her diet.

At 3:49 we entered the 49th Street beauty parlor. Dagmar was having something done to her hair. The beauty parlor was extremely warm, and one of the female proprietors explained to me that it would be injurious to the women under the driers if the air conditioning was turned on.

Sitting at a small table in a black slip, a towel wrapped about her,

Dagmar suddenly nudged the interviewer with her elbow and said, "Get a look at that woman over there!" pointing to another woman in a slip. The humor of Dagmar turning the attention of the interviewer to another woman amused the interviewer, but did not strike Dagmar until it was pointed out to her. She had been much too busy saying to her husband, "I don't mean you. That's for him," meaning me. "He's been married longer than you."

One of the owners of the establishment, Marion Estreicher, turned out to be a female Toots Shor, delighting her customers by making good natured, insulting remarks, all of which we shall omit here, leaving a fertile field for *The New Yorker*. When asked her name, she said, "You're not going to say I'm a character?" She seemed disappointed when the interviewer said he had no such intention. She explained a bit about her business. "Usually a beauty parlor has booths. The girl operators go in with the customers. But I ripped the booths out. So we could have this warm atmosphere amongst the customers and operators. Sometimes," she reflected, "it gets too warm."

The interviewer, obsessed by a need for completeness, asked Dagmar what her political opinions were. What about President Truman, for example? "Well," she said, quicker than it would take to say

General MacArthur, "if we aren't nice to our presidents, then what can we expect of Europe?" Her husband seemed pleased at the answer.

A woman sitting at the next table wanted to know if Dagmar was really Dagmar. (After all, lots of people *do* look like H. L. Mencken.) Another woman, co-owner of a midtown restaurant, told the story of the cake Dagmar had ordered for a party after her wedding, a cake big enough for sixty people. The party was held in New York and her husband was in Hollywood. When the time came to cut it, Dagmar decided to keep it intact until a picture could be taken of it for Dan. But, after pictures were taken, she still could not bring herself to mutilate the cake, so she kept it for some days until Dan came back from the coast. The caterer's affection for Dagmar was evident. The story of the cake, and undoubtedly other events, had left a lasting impression on her.

Dagmar told the hairdresser, a staid, untalkative woman, of the song she was to sing that evening and started to hum. Then she spoke lines to herself. Then, in a sudden change of subject, she turned to me and explained that she didn't like to go to public places to bathe. There were, of course, admirers, and that could be a problem on a beach. But, mainly, her suit had to be *extremely* low cut to allow her to get a good tan; she couldn't have any strap

marks showing. Therefore, she preferred to sun bathe as she pleased on her terrace. "This embarrasses Dan," she said. Overlooking her terrace are some stories of an office building, which Dagmar truly believes is empty on weekends.

Returning to the story of their marriage, her husband said that they had not yet had a honeymoon. Dagmar didn't even get the day off to get married. She took the day off and flew to Las Vegas. "It cost NBC \$20,000," he said, "in broken commitments. Dagmar said it was a nice wedding present."

"Old men and children like me best," Dagmar said. (Her husband, with some enthusiasm, had said the same thing previously, several times.) "My biggest thrill," she said, "—well, not my *biggest* thrill, came when the men in an old age home signed a petition demanding to stay up nights when Dagmar is on television." What was her explanation for this unusual kind of audience? She thought the problem over. "I guess we're all childish and all feel each other." Confusing himself with Earl Wilson at this point, the interviewer cracked a bad joke.

Smiling affectionately at her husband, Dagmar said, "You know, I never wanted children quite so much as when I married Danny." Then she grinned. "You know what I mean."

When her hair was in a hairnet, her husband said, exuberantly, "Oh,

darling, you look like a boy!"

At 5:50 she was under the hair drier, singing softly her song for the night show. This time she sang it all the way through. Her ears were now covered, and conversation was stopped. Then she said, "I can't hear anything," and started to talk, meaning it would be a one-way conversation. She didn't have time to buy her own dresses, and her sister, Jean, her secretary, was having trouble finding the proper dresses for her. "I don't think she knows how to talk to those people," Dagmar said. "I really think a dress is sexier when it has a high neck. That is, if it is fitted right," she said, running her hand over her 40 inch bust-line, which is ten inches larger than the screen of the largest commercial television set.

Marion, the proprietor, was saying to a customer, "Last time I did your hair I was so sick." She left the cause of illness unexplained, but did come over to say, "We have no natural heads here." A moment later she was back — reminding me more and more of Zazu Pitts — to ask if the interviewer remembered the Richmond Club. "No," she decided, "that was before your time." Why was the Richmond Club suddenly on her mind? "Well," she said, belligerently, "that's where Harry Richmond got his start."

When Dagmar was free of the earlaps, I turned to the page in the notebook on which I had jotted down the

book titles in her apartment. I asked her which books she had read. She was hesitant about answering, as if I were baiting a trap for her. Her husband urged her to answer and, a moment later, she did. Of the 15 books, she had read four. (The rest belonged to her husband; he had a more than casual interest in hypnosis and that explained the three titles on that subject.) The books Dagmar had read were: *Star Money* by Kathleen Windsor, *Arch of Triumph* by Erich Remarque, *A House in the Uplands* by Erskine Caldwell and Fannie Hurst's *Anywoman*. She expanded on her literary tastes. "I like Perry Mason personally." She had also liked the *Fountainhead*.

We talked some more about her fans, and the interviewer was impressed by her constant attempt to divine what her fans would approve of, and what they wouldn't. Her instinct seemed to be to say, and do, what she wanted to, and then to trust the interviewer not to "betray" her. After one innocent conversational exchange — which she would be horrified to find in print — I asked her how she would respond were I to print it. "Oh, you wouldn't," she said. She didn't seem so much to be refusing permission, as expressing her surprise that anyone would think of printing something like that. She observed me anew, and said, with obvious sincerity, that all the other writers had been more than nice to her. They

hadn't printed anything that they shouldn't have. She must make a party for them. They had all been so nice. (The interviewer decided that he, too, liked parties.)

At 6:30 we were back in Dagmar's apartment. Jean, her sister, was there. She is a shy retiring young girl, much admiring of her big sister, who sent her through a secretarial course, brought her to New York, and now employs her. She was, on that day, two weeks away from her twenty-second birthday. How did she feel being Dagmar's sister? "I feel a little proud," she said politely. "Then I'm someone, too." Had she any boy friends? "A few. No one I'm particularly fond of. No one I love, in other words." She spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

I read back to Jean what Dagmar had said about her earlier in the day. "Back home, she was just a sweet little girl who didn't drink or smoke." In the big city, big-sister Dagmar said, "she is still a sweet little girl, but she grew up in the meantime." Jean grinned. She was, in that moment, very much as Dagmar described her. She was built not entirely unlike her sister, although not as tall (Dagmar is 5' 8½"), but had none of her sister's loose-hipped assurance. She waited for further questioning before speaking, but the conversation was cut short by the entrance of the head of a well-known fur estab-

lishment who was delivering a mink stole to Dagmar.

AFTER WRAPPING THE stole around her, Dagmar decided that she did not like it. The lining showed from the front, and she did not like the lining. She did not like the fit. She did not like the fur.

"It's gorgeous," said the fur man.

"It looks like an old beat-up skin," Dagmar said. "I have to be honest with you."

"Maybe it's too full," said the fur man.

"I'd like a stole I'd be proud to put on tonight. I wouldn't want to put this one on." She examined the stole in the mirror again. "Look," she said, turning to the fur man. "I want to like it more than anyone else. I want to be *thrilled* by it."

The fur man, small and worried-looking, said softly, "Any one who knows furs knows this is gorgeous."

Dagmar exploded. "It looks cheap, like the things little boys put on bicycles that light up at night." She pointed to the lining.

"Well," was the answer. "I did everything to please. This lining costs five times as much as any other lining."

Dagmar's husband tried to mediate the dispute. "If you did this," he said to the fur man, making a suggestion, "would it be okay?" The fur man said it would be okay, but a moment later Dan said, "If she feels like this she won't wear it. I know.

It could look like a million dollars and she won't wear it. It could be a five-cents lining — if she likes it, then she'd wear it."

A few harsh words later, an appointment was made for a designer to visit Dagmar the next day. At 6:48, a few sentences later, Dagmar, looking at herself in the stole in the mirror, exploded and bounced out of the room. Her refusal to take the stole was final. At 6:50 she bounced in again, and a new appointment was made. The worried-looking fur man left the apartment.

At 7:10 we were at NBC. Dagmar was uncertain about which rehearsal studio was being used, so we waited to be told. A crowd lined up against a wall, awaiting admittance, recognized Dagmar and many fingers were pointed at her. "We have admirers," Dagmar said. Two uniformed NBC pages hustled about trying to find out where we were to go. Finally, Ray Malone, an extremely talented dancer of the *Broadway Open House* cast, came along. He knew where we were to go.

In the elevator he and Dagmar embraced. He opened her stole (not the spurned mink) and said, "I see you're all in color." He is slight and short and standing next to Dagmar emphasized her height. In the studio, I told Dagmar that I had noticed, watching her on TV, that men standing near her did not seem to know what to do with their hands. A man near her was apt to put his

hands behind his back, fidget, put them in his pockets, finally brush his hair. (This the interviewer told her, standing with his hands behind his back.) The observation amused her; she hadn't noticed the phenomenon. She sought out Ray Malone and told him. (Later, she told her husband.)

A young director was leading the cast through the script. He seemed absurdly young, but was very serious, and appeared quite capable. Frank Gallop, the announcer, sat at the rehearsal table idly burlesquing his own florid voice, succeeding, however, only in sounding more like himself than ever. The director asked Ray Malone how his ankle was. "Pretty bad," Ray said, "but we'll make it." "The guy has a bad ankle," the director told the cast, which had overheard the conversation. "Get him a prop foot," a young male singer (not Donald Richards) said. No one paid any attention to him.

The director asked Dagmar if she needed any production on her song, and then they talked about drums. Dagmar was all business. She sat and read her lines, then re-read them again and again, practicing a word, rehearsing a gesture. She was obviously tired, having been on the run all day, but sat patiently reading her lines waiting to go through her skit.

Eileen Barton, who galloped around like an unbroken bronco

waiting to be busted, was to sing "Bake-a-Cake." (The number was later cut.) The director said he assumed that the props were ready. A man in a crew-cut haircut, which strangely made him appear older than he probably was, said everything was ready. She is going to bake a whole damn cake, he said enthusiastically. The young male singer muttered, "Let her make a matzoh ball." For the second time, no one paid any attention to him. Donald Richards finally succeeded in having altered the line which would have had him say that Eileen Barton was too young for him; he had apparently been brooding about it all day.

At 8:45 Dagmar sang her way through "Ballin' the Jack." Innumerable bits of business involving the band had to be worked out. Kirby Stone, the likable young leader of the quintet, remained intently businesslike. At 9:00 Dagmar's husband came in with a copy of *Time*. At 9:05 Dagmar pecked at food in a carton marked "Dial and Dine." She quickly read through the *Time* story on her. (The interviewer, having nothing better to do, incited her by saying that the picture they ran was awful.) "Very nice. Very good. Very nice. I'll read it again later," she said, when she had finished the *Time* story. She was to go through her number again. She had taken only two forksfull of the food. At 9:25 she returned to the food, and took some more forksfull

before rehearsing again. The coffee had probably long gone cold; she had not yet even opened the bag it was in. At 9:30 the interviewer, being more than a bit fatigued, took a walk with Dagmar's husband.

WE WALKED TO the end of a corridor and plumped ourselves down on a leather couch. I asked Dan why Dagmar had to show up for afternoon rehearsals. She hadn't done anything useful then. "I know," he said, wearily, "but the rest of the kids would be offended if she didn't come," meaning they had to show up. Earlier in the day he had been feeding me details of the homey kind that a husband likes to find in a story about his wife. Now, ten hours after I had met him, he spoke much more casually. He recited to me his wife's really exhausting schedule, and the fact that she had not had a vacation in a very long time. He was worried about her working too hard. She needed a rest. Dagmar walked down the hall at that moment, saying, "Listen to my shoes squeak." Two men on another couch broke off their conversation to watch her pass. They *leered*.

At 9:40 Dan suddenly walked to the row of phones and called Dagmar's agent. What was holding up her vacation? It took him twenty minutes to pursue the matter. He didn't learn anything definite, but was much more hopeful about the vacation coming through soon. I

was beginning to really like Dan (I had already responded most unprofessionally to his wife), and began to worry about the effect on the article I was to write.

At 10:10, in the studio, Dagmar became amorous. She kissed her husband. "Tastes good," she said, and I recalled that she had not eaten much all day. My notes say that Dan said something like: "You should see her at 4 A.M." It was not an invitation.

Ten minutes later Kirby Stone came over to say to Dagmar. "There are nice people on the show. You're one of them. If you want horns in the background, okay. If not, okay." He seemed eager to please.

At 10:50 Dagmar was in the makeup room. She had changed into a flaming red dress. Her hair was still in the bandana. I was beginning to realize why I hadn't really recognized her all day. The long brocaded gowns on the show make her seem heavier than she is, her legs are always covered, and her hair televises, and photographs, badly, sometimes seeming moplike. During the day she had worn short dresses, revealing legs which should be shown, her hair was in a bandana. Now, she was beginning to look like her television image. The makeup man started to pencil her eyebrows. "Now you be careful, dear," she said. "You were satisfied last time," he said amiably.

Ray Malone came in. I asked him how his leg was. He lifted his trousers

and showed me about eight inches of tape. He had just had his ankle examined. "It's a real strain," he reported. He would not be able to dance.

11:00 P.M. — zero hour. *Broadway Open House* was on the air. Dan and I watched the show from the client's booth, a kind of glass enclosed dug-out with a direct view and a TV set. The show went smoothly, until one station break cut off Eileen Barton in the middle of a song. She sang another line valiantly until the commercial went on the screen, and then stamped angrily off the stage. "She's been practicing that for weeks," said a woman in the client's box. Dagmar drew applause when she came on, a satisfactory number of laughs, and much applause when she went off. Her skit, and song, had come over fine. But her husband said there should have been more laughs, more applause. One man suggested that the p.a. system hadn't been working properly. Five minutes later, they were all talking as if the show had been a total bust. Dan said, "When someone's great, there's no excuse for her being just good."

At 12:30 we were in Toots Shor's. For the first time since the day had begun, twelve hours after Dagmar had admitted me to the apartment, she had a chance to sit back and relax. Earl Wilson (her Ziegfeld) came over to the table, and Dagmar was very glad to see him. Earlier, when asked which newspapermen had

helped her most, she had immediately named two, Wilson and Winchell. Now, Dagmar and Wilson chatted. Wilson impressed the interviewer as a very pleasant, soberly workmanlike, man. He cracked no jokes.

Wilson returned to the table some moments after leaving, bringing with him a Chicago newspaperman. This man, it turned out, had recently addressed some assemblage on the increased price of Canadian newsprint. The audience had been apathetic until the speaker had said, "Those guys need that raise like Dagmar needs falsies." Dagmar liked the story. She agreed to send the Chicago man photos he requested. (Later, the interviewer was inspired, by the surroundings, to coin a word — *trusies*.)

Next, during this period of relaxation, came a man from the Kudner advertising agency. A party was being held upstairs which had something to do with the *Martin Kane Private Eye* TV show. The guests were employees of NBC. Would Dagmar put in an appearance? The man knew she was tired, and everyone was always asking her to do things like this, but would she? She said she would. The four of us (Dagmar, Dan, Jean and myself) went to an elevator. One flight up, the car stopped and the man from the agency asked Dagmar to remain behind for a moment so that he could prepare the audience. While

he spoke, Dagmar, snapping back into professional mood, held the stole apart, both hands on her hips. We could hear the agency man announcing a new replacement for the *Private Eye* program, and then Dagmar walked in to heavy applause, some of the young guests shouting, "It's Dagmar!"

A group of young men immediately surrounded Dagmar and she smiled at them, her hands still on her hips, and chatted. I stood about rather uselessly until someone led me to the bar where Jean smiled at me. She was surrounded by a group of young men, even younger than those with her sister. She was drinking Coca-Cola and holding her own.

Fifteen minutes later, after spreading herself around the large room, Dagmar walked back to the elevator. We sat about in Toots' for a time and then waited for a taxi outside. When we reached Dagmar's apartment the interviewer accepted an invitation for a last drink. It was nearly 2 A.M. when supposed last drink was had. Dan had gone for the morning papers.

In the apartment the interviewer kibitzed Jean about her admirers at the *Private Eye* Party. She asked which one in particular I was referring to. Did I mean the one she was "standing closest to?" The interviewer's eyebrows went up, and Jean won the interviewer over completely by blushing.

At 3 A.M. someone noticed a wire

service story in the *Daily News* about Dagmar. It seemed that some government board was perturbed about the way in which the salaries of some entertainers had gone up within a short time. This, it further seemed, was no good for various kinds of "stabilization." The story mentioned Dagmar because it gave the papers a chance to run a good picture, and also because her salary had gone up from \$75 a week to something like \$1,250, not counting an extra dollar here and there.

Dan said he wasn't worried. Maybe now she would get that vacation. Dagmar seemed less pleased, but then someone read the story closely and it seemed that the government board was only thinking about doing some more thinking on the subject. Nevertheless, the interviewer had the feeling that, at the moment, the Daytones were firm anti-statists.

Dan and the interviewer then started to review the Thirties nostalgically. Since both were 27 years old, only part of the depression decade came in for the "I remember" kind of discussion. They decided that, for all its faults — both their families having had a rough time — the Thirties were a better, more memorable period than the Twenties. F. Scott Fitzgerald to the contrary. Reviewed were the Hauptmann case, how the "woman in red" sold out Dillinger, the great heavyweights, the Baer-Louis fight, the

Louis-Schmeling fights, and other events of real importance. Dagmar, during this conversation, deferring to her elders, remained silent for the most part. Dan and the interviewer started referring to her as "kid," something the interviewer had never dreamed he would be doing should fate place him in Dagmar's apartment at 3:30 A.M.

Jean had gone to bed, but not before she had picked out the pictures for the Chicago newspaperman (who was to send a messenger for them the next day). Dagmar selected a photograph for the interviewer, one in which she looks very Betty Grable-ish. The picture she technically identifies as the "cat picture," the name derived from the fact that if you examine the picture for about an hour you will find, on the bottom, a tiny toy cat with its back arched in fright, the photo having been made for Halloween. She inscribed it: "To Julie — My Bosom Pal. Love. Dagmar." Then she, too, went to sleep, but not before hugging her husband photogenically. She had to be up in the morning to take some pictures for the Army.

SOMETIME AFTER 4 A.M. — the note-taking had ceased some time before — the interviewer rode down the elevator, walked along Central Park for a block or two, cleared his head, and took a cab home. Later in the morning his wife, for some reason, forgot to make him breakfast.

*Justice
and
Geometry*

THE GREEKS HAD A MAN FOR IT

*MAX
EASTMAN*

IT MAY SEEM quixotic at this moment to take up the cudgels in behalf of Plato. But paralleling our bloody battle against communism, scholars have been waging a violent debate on the merits of this great writer. Professor Popper of the London School of Economics, before getting down to his masterly defense of "The Open Society," felt obliged to devote an entire volume to exorcizing "The Spell of Plato." I think Plato's most significant teaching was moral rather than political, and that in a day when moral standards are no longer anchored in

religion, and a doctrine of salvation through organized immoralism has crept half way round the earth, his "spell" is the very thing we need to preserve. Let's take a fresh look, then, at Plato.

He was born at Athens in 428 B.C., while Ezra and Nehemiah were still alive, but in a very different atmosphere. He was not a "godly" person. He was not holy. He was not a saint. He was, if the saintly will pardon my saying so, an all-round man. To begin with, he was a great athlete, Aristocles by name. "Plato," which means *broad*,

was a nickname tagged on him by a trainer who admired his shoulders. He was good-looking, a brilliant student, a brave soldier, a memorable lover, a poet sufficiently outspoken to be described by Victorian professors as "erotic." He was, moreover, a connoisseur of race horses, a convivial feaster, an adorer of slapstick comedy, and a man who loved to take year-long adventurous cruises on ships. Yet he was as earnest as the Hebrew prophets were in trying to find out the best way to live.

The big event in Plato's life, of course, was his meeting with Socrates — the first man ever to put his whole soul into the effort to be logical. Socrates was the prophet of logic. He believed, I think, that a millennium would come to pass if he could get men to define their terms and make sure they were making sense when they talked. He was an ugly, satyr-like, eloquent individual, a stonecutter by trade, who spent his spare time in the streets buttonholing people, asking them simple questions, and then showing them that their answers, when thoughtfully analyzed, didn't mean a thing. It was one of those early-morning moments when a new hope for salvation is born into the world. And although Socrates was somewhat annoying, it must be admitted that those ever-recurring hopes have rarely been founded on anything of such solid value as logical thinking.

Plato was twenty when he ran into this great idea, and was getting quite a reputation as a poet of the school of Sappho. In one of his love lyrics he made the delicate remark that in a kiss his soul came to his lips and tried to cross over. (That is what the professors call erotic.) He had, besides, two tragedies ready for the stage when he met Socrates. But that crusader for pure reason swept him quite off his feet. After a few conversations about the inestimable wonders that would ensue if men would only use words with sole regard to their logical meaning, Plato went home and destroyed all his beautiful poetry. Only a few phrases survived, and that was because someone had learned them by heart.

PLATO WAS Socrates' friend and disciple for eight years. He became an adept in making people examine their assumptions. He would get up at dawn, eat a breakfast of bread dipped in wine, slip on a tunic, perhaps throw a fine woolen robe over it, and be off to the Athletic Field, or to some friend's house where Socrates was going to hold a "conversation." Perhaps a couple of soldiers would be there, and the question of military training would come up.

"You can't train a man to have courage."

"I'm not so sure," Socrates would say. "What do you mean by cour-

age?"

"Courage is sticking to your post in danger."

"But suppose strategy demands that you retire?"

"You wouldn't stick then, of course — that would be foolish."

"Then courage isn't either sticking or retiring, is it? What would you say courage is?"

"You've got me, I don't know."

"I don't know, either, but I wonder if it might not be just using your head — doing the intelligent thing regardless of danger."

"That sounds more like it."

"Shall we agree then, provisionally at least, that courage is steadfast good judgment — courage is presence of mind? And the opposite thing, in that case, would be presence of emotion in such quantities that the mind is blotted out."

That is the kind of thing Plato learned from Socrates, and it led him to the conclusion that all virtue is essentially presence of mind. Unfortunately he didn't have that wonderful English expression. He also lacked our concept of "intelligence," and being enamored of logic and mathematics, he overworked the word "Reason." The good act, he said, is the reasonable one; it is the act decided upon after thinking a whole situation through objectively and with unswerving logic. The good man, it follows, is the man in whom Reason rules over appetite and passion.

It seemed obvious to Plato that Reason is meant to rule, since it is what distinguishes man from dogs or dog-faced baboons. To be a good man, therefore, is merely to be a man in the full sense. You don't need any sanctimonious emotions about it. You don't need words like "righteous," or "evil," or "sin," or "wicked," or "iniquitous." They all spring from the notion that being good is obeying God. No such notion could have occurred to Plato. The Greek gods were a beautiful and charming, but rather selfish and hell-raising crew, too busy with their own pranks and hangovers to take a disciplinary attitude toward men. Nor did anybody in Greece think of life in this world as a mere "preparation" for another life, where standards of judgment would be different. No one in Athens had a father or a grandfather or any remote ancestor who had been afflicted with that belittling conception. That is why Plato's approach to the problems of right and wrong was so straight and simple. He assumed that the values of a good deed are cashable here and now. If they pay in a future life too, so much the better, but they will pay in the same coin. Good conduct is not basically different from good food. "That which destroys and corrupts in every case is bad; that which preserves and benefits is good." You have only to use your brains when confronted with a choice.

Thus, at a time very much like the present, when the Greeks, too, were weary of wars, disillusioned of revolution, and cast loose from the old forms of faith, Plato reaffirmed the authority of the good life.

What folly to brush away his influence as totalitarian!

To be sure, Plato had a mystical strain in him, and this has misled many about his essential contribution to our culture. He wanted an occult belief, and finding none high-brow enough to suit him, he made one up. Naturally it grew out of that interest in the logical relations of ideas which he had caught from Socrates. These ideas whose behavior we find so absorbing, he declared, are the true reality; the things we see and touch are shadows. This gave a supernatural quality, a quality of trance, to his studies in logic.

It also led him to assert, in a famous passage about love, that the Idea of Beauty is more rewarding and satisfying than a beautiful person. Most people do not find it so, and Plato himself expressed a doubt whether his notion about the superior reality of ideas was not "a kind of madness." He is unique among philosophers in his ability to leave things in doubt. However, that primitive notion about ideas is so closely associated with Plato's name, and has been such a drag upon the world, greatly delaying the growth of experimental science, that we

have to chalk it up against him. (Our word "platonic," with which we describe an unsexual friendship between man and woman, derives from that passage about love. It is not what Plato meant, but perhaps it comes as near as a matter-of-fact mind can to guessing what it would be like to fall in love with an abstract idea.)

WE HAVE also to acknowledge that Plato's millennial faith in deductive logic led him into some rather ridiculous, and if taken seriously, dangerous political opinions. Plato believed that once he had defined "goodness" in a man, the same would apply to the state. As the good man is disciplined by intelligence, the good state must be disciplined by an intelligent minority. It must be an aristocracy — a "rule of the best." This fitted in with his family traditions, which were far from democratic, and it caused Plato to become the patron saint of conservatives, as well as the natural ancestor of radicals.

The austerity with which he put each class of citizens in its place, and gave his picked gang of good men the authority and armed force to keep them there, was reactionary. But the measures by which he proposed to make sure the gang would be good — and stay good — were radical beyond measure.

These virtuous and philosophical gunmen, whom he called "guards,"

were to have no private property and no private affections. Their wives and children, as well as property, were to be pooled. Their sexual intercourse was to be performed at stated intervals determined by the public need, and conducted on scientific principles as is done with blooded animals. Wayward unions could not be prevented, but the children of such unions were to be destroyed. All the children of a given mating should call all the parents of the said mating Mother and Father, and all the other children Brother and Sister. And since they would be removed to state schools as soon as they were weaned, no one would know which was which, or whose was whose. The women, "since they will be clothed with virtue as a garment," would strip and go into the gymnasium with the men. They would also don armor and go to war with them. The children, too, would go to war, just to get used to danger and learn by watching, but they would be mounted on "the swiftest and gentlest horses," so that they could get away quickly if their parents got killed or vanquished. Meantime the whole aristocracy would keep their bodies in trim by rigid diet and exercise, and their minds at the peak of perspicacity by constant instruction in logic, mathematics, and metaphysics.

Have a look at the Politburo if you want to know how different

this was from modern communism!

For Plato it was not the people, but the commissars, who must live this deprived and strenuously regimented life. Doesn't that turn the whole thing just about upside down? Plato was dreaming up a discipline for the superior caste which would make them really superior — in mind and character as well as power. His perception that this could be done only by selective breeding is startling in its modernness. So startling that to us it reads a little like satire, a reduction to absurdity of the claims of any mortal class to rule. Our comment would be: "If it takes all that to produce a real aristocracy, let's get along with democracy, bad as it is." But we are not living in the dawn of logic. We lack the smile of faith with which Plato followed where the argument led.

It led him, at the age of sixty, into a wild goose chase which may be described as the most sublime — or at least the most highbrow — in all history. For, upon the invitation of Dionysius Jr., the newly-seated tyrant of Syracuse, he set out from Athens in a three-banked ship to teach that youthful bounder how to establish an ideal republic. He was met at the docks by the royal chariot and escorted in splendor — some say that Dionysius himself helped drag the car — to a suite in the palace. Reception followed, and banquets — public celebrations, too, for the masses rightly sensed that

Plato, though an aristocrat, would consider their interests.

Plato entered upon his work with rosy hope, but also alas with prosy thoroughness. The training of the philosopher-king must begin, he decreed, with geometry. Geometry would teach him that art of close reasoning from exact definitions without which there is no point in approaching the more intricate problems of politics. And so it did begin — Dionysius and his whole court plunging into this new diversion until the palace was dusty from demonstrations made by drawing figures in sand thrown on the marble floor. Dionysius was so enthusiastic about the reforms to come that when, at some public ceremony, the herald shouted a formula of long life to his dictatorship, he cut him off with the remark:

"Stop damning us!"

In short, Dionysius liked Plato, and he liked the excitement. But there was one hitch: he didn't like geometry. The anti-Platonists dug up another philosopher who could prove that tyranny is the best form of government, and do it without mathematics. With his help Dionysius became reconciled to the long life of his dictatorship. He defended it, finally, with a purge of Plato's friends. Holding Plato as a virtual prisoner in the palace, he courted him with lavish gifts and entertainment, trying to get him to cover the purge with his authority. But

Plato stood fast for justice, due-process-of-law — and geometry. In the end he had to be sneaked out of the palace at night and shipped home by a roundabout route to Athens.

THAT WAS the end — or should have been — of Plato's too logical theories about the state. They had only a tenuous connection by analogy with his great thought that presence-of-mind is the definition of goodness, and integration under the guidance of mind the essence of moral character. That forms one half, at least of the ethical basis of our Graeco-Christian civilization. It has increasing value as we move forward into the age of natural science, because it fulfills nature instead of trying to defy it. It sets up no conflict between what is admired in everyday life, and what is admired in church.

The Greeks loved strong and agile men as we do. They were especially like us in their love of sport, although more devoted to it because it was a part of their religion. We suspended the Olympic games on account of the war, but the Greek cities, when at war, would declare a truce to hold the Olympic games. Therefore, Plato would feel at home in our athletic fields and training camps. He would feel at home in our stock markets and political campaigns, too. But he would not know what to make of the lank,

weak, boneless, and ineffectual saints that populate our church windows. That contrast between what we really admire and love to have around us, and what we call "good," would be absolutely incomprehensible to him.

Still, there was something notably lacking in Plato's teaching. It was, as he left it, a code for a superior class in a society served by slaves, a class who looked upon foreigners as "barbarians." There is something ingrowing and provincial about the idea that there is a quality of goodness which is inside of each man. Sympathy of one man for another, sympathy of each man for the whole population, is something Plato never thought of. That came into our western world with Jesus and the Christian Evangelists. It came in a form that flatly opposes Plato. According to this code the good man is ruled, not by reason, but by love for his neighbor.

There is no need to recall how deeply this new teaching affected the world. Plato, if confronted with it, would also have been deeply affected. I think he might have said, after some years of meditation: "You are right, I failed to realise the high place occupied by sympathy, or what you call love, in the good life, and in the character of the good man. But you are wrong in thinking it can be made the ruling principle in morals. You have only

shown that it is intelligent to cultivate sympathy, and even carry it to the point of granting equal rights to slaves and barbarians. But you cannot show that it is anything better than intelligent. You cannot show me that self-sacrifice may not become a vice, that pity does not need, like any other passion, to be held within rational bounds. It is still reason, it is still intelligence, that rules."

Thus Plato might have demonstrated his supreme place in our Graeco-Christian way of life — that way of life which the communists are doing their best to destroy.

Plato loved to teach as well as to learn, and his declining years were enriched by the enrollment in his school of an intellect equal to his own — Aristotle, a slick young man who wore too many rings on his fingers and who preferred working in the library to spending his time talking under the trees. Aristotle crystallized that science of logic whose presence in the atmosphere had electrified Socrates and Plato and filled them with such gorgeous hopes. Through him Plato's influence was extended prodigiously. But that was long after Plato had finished his years. He lived to be eighty-four and "died at a wedding-feast" — a fact which history has preserved like a jewel, because it means that he was full of the zest of life up until the last heartbeat.

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THE CASE OF OWEN LATTIMORE

By Freda Utley

THE MAJORITY REPORT of the Tydings Committee states: "Owen Lattimore is a writer and scholar who has been charged with a record of pro-Communism going back many years. There is no legal evidence before us whatever to support this charge, and the weight of all other information indicates that it is not true."

Perhaps it is true that there was insufficient "legal" evidence to prove his proclivity to the Chinese Communists. But no one can study Mr. Lattimore's writings without being surprised that Senator Tydings and his colleagues should also have said: "A study of the writings of Lattimore has been made, and they obviously cannot be declared to approach Communist dogma. Furthermore, there appears no apparent change in his position consistent with shifts in the Party line."

In view of the fact that the Baltimore professor is as warmly defended in "liberal" circles as Alger Hiss before his trial, it is necessary to examine his writings in some detail.

When Senator McCarthy called him "the chief architect" of America's Far Eastern policy, he may have somewhat exaggerated Owen Lattimore's importance. There can, however, be little doubt that Latti-

more exerted a profound influence, not only at the State Department, but also in the press, the universities, and on the public.

Whether or not, as McCarthy alleged, Lattimore had a desk at the State Department makes little difference. It is not denied that he was called in for consultation, and selected to lecture to Foreign Service officials. He was President Roosevelt's personal appointee as adviser to Chiang Kai-shek in 1941. In 1944 he accompanied Vice President Henry Wallace on a tour to China, following which Wallace recommended that we back the Communists. Wallace paid tribute to Lattimore's invaluable assistance in drawing up his policy recommendations.

LATTIMORE'S WIDESPREAD influence is due to his being the cleverest, most scholarly and persuasive of all the writers who have championed the Chinese Communists and represented the Soviet Union as democratic, peace-loving, and "progressive." His position as director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, and formerly as editor of *Pacific Affairs* and guiding spirit of the Institute of

Pacific Relations, and his service as President Roosevelt's Political Adviser to Chiang Kai-shek in 1941 and as Deputy Director of the OWI from 1942 to 1944, have enabled him to promote views favorable to the Communist cause in China, while posing as a learned professor with an "objective" outlook.

Lattimore's career, incidentally, affords evidence of the advantages obtained by those who secured a reputation for "liberalism" by showing a distinct partiality for Marxist theory and Stalinist practices. He is one of the very few professors of a great university who never even obtained a bachelor's degree from any college. His listing in *Who's Who in America* records that he attended St. Bees School in Cumberland, England, from 1915 to 1919, and that from 1920 to 1926 he was engaged in "business" or "newspaper work" in China, and that after 1926 he was "engaged in travel and writing." The only reference to any attendance at any university is the cryptic statement: "Graduate School Harvard 1929." He cannot have spent more than a few months in Harvard, since *Who's Who* tells us that in 1929-30 he was in Manchuria as a member of "the Social Science Research Council." When and how he acquired the right to call himself "*Doctor* Lattimore" is not mentioned. As Director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at John Hopkins

About the Author

Freda Utley — writer, correspondent and lecturer — was born in England. She took a First Class Honours degree in history at London University, was awarded an M.A. with distinction, and then appointed to a Research Fellowship at the London School of Economics. A misguided idealist, she went to Russia as a member of the British Communist Party. She lived there for six years as the wife of a Russian citizen, who was later to disappear — permanently — into one of Stalin's concentration camps. In the *Dream We Lost* (and in *Lost Illusion*) she told the story of her political awakening.

She first visited the Far East in 1928-29 as a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and returned there in 1938 as war correspondent of the London *News Chronicle*. Preparatory to writing her prophetic — and ignored — *Last Chance in China* (1947) she again visited China. She was in Chungking at the time of the ill-fated Marshall Mission. Among her books are: *Lancashire and the Far East*, *Japan's Feet of Clay*, *China at War* and the *High Cost of Vengeance*.

"The Case of Owen Lattimore," here slightly condensed, is a key chapter in her controversial, and important, best-seller *The China Story*.

he has, in any case, been able to overawe his critics.

The only person who has assailed Lattimore's reputation as a scholar is his friend and protégé, John Stewart Service. In his testimony before the Tydings Committee in May 1950, Service answered as follows when asked whether he considered Lattimore a well-informed person on China: "I don't think Mr. Lattimore is a profound scholar. I think he is rather superficial in his views. He has a very active mind, but his views are apt to shift a bit. I don't think his views on current affairs and China in general are particularly noteworthy."

I agree with Service about Lattimore's tendency to "shift" his views. This is particularly apparent in his appraisals of Chiang Kai-shek before, and after, Stalin switched from support of the Generalissimo to all-out hostility against him and the Chinese National Government.

In late 1942 and in 1943, when the Soviet Government was still supporting Chiang Kai-shek because of its fears of a Japanese attack on Russia, Lattimore praised the Chinese Generalissimo enthusiastically. For instance, in 1942, in a lecture he gave at Claremont College, Lattimore said that there would be little danger of civil war in China after the war, because "we have in Asia a statesman of real genius, in Chiang Kai-shek."

At this time Lattimore was still

intent on proving that China under the National Government was basically democratic. In *The Making of Modern China*, written in 1942 and published early in 1943, Owen and Eleanor Lattimore wrote:

"China is a democratic country in the sense that the Party and the government represent what the vast majority of the people want. When we want to make up our minds whether we ought to call another country 'democratic,' we quite naturally begin by comparing it with our own democratic country. Has it got the same kinds of procedure for seeing that the rights of minorities are protected? Has it got the same institutions that exist in our country? If it has not, we hesitate to call it a democracy.

"This way of looking at things can often lead to misunderstandings. The most important standard by which to measure progress in a country like China is not 'how near have they got to our way of doing things?' but 'how far have they got ahead of the way things used to be done?'"

Lattimore also sought at this date to show that democratic practices were increasing in China: "The People's Political Council is an example of the way in which the Kuomintang has begun to permit political expression through channels other than those of the Kuomintang itself.

"It is true that the members who

stand for the provinces are also for the most part either Kuomintang Party members or are nominated by the provincial organizations of the Kuomintang; *but on the other hand the proportion of the total membership which is elected rather than appointed or nominated has steadily increased.*" (italics added)

Lattimore also testified at this time to the increasingly democratic practices of the Chinese Nationalist Government by saying that while the People's Political Council could not legislate "it can suggest legislation, criticize government policy, and call on all departments of the government for reports." He added that it was "noteworthy" that "an increasing proportion of the recommendations of the People's Political Council is carried into effect by the decisions of the government," and that the Chinese press was free to criticize "even the most highly placed" individuals.

But in 1949, after the Communist line had switched to all-out hostility to Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. Lattimore completely reversed himself. In *The Situation In Asia* (1949) he gave the lie to himself by contradicting his former favorable view of wartime Nationalist China:

"In 1937, when the struggle for survival against Japan began, China was controlled by the Kuomintang, a party which owed nothing to elections or to representative forms of government, and which itself ap-

pointed not only the National Government but provincial governments and even the administrative officials of counties. . . ."

Whereas in 1942-43 Lattimore had written that Chiang Kai-shek's government was relaxing its control, so that the proportion of members elected to the People's Political Council had "steadily increased," in 1949 he said that "within Free China the Kuomintang tightened all controls, pushing its authority from the top right down into the villages."

In 1942-43 he testified concerning the increasingly democratic character of the Chinese Nationalist Government, but in 1949 he wrote that Chiang Kai-shek was influenced by "Fascist" theories and that "initiative at lower levels was regarded as subversive."

Lattimore was writing about the same historical period in all these passages. All that had changed was the Communist Party line.

LATTIMORE'S "SHIFTS" of opinion paralleling those of the Kremlin were apparent long before he contradicted himself on the subject of Chiang Kai-shek and the National Government of China. During the period of the Stalin-Hitler pact, he denounced Britain, France, and the United States in much the same terms as Mao Tse-tung, Earl Browder, and other Communist leaders everywhere in the world. In Decem-

ber 1939 Mao Tse-tung declared that "with the liquidation of the Nazi-Soviet pact and anti-Comintern policy, the distinction formerly drawn between the fascist and democratic countries had lost its validity," and that he now "saw no difference in their positions in this war."

In June 1940 Lattimore wrote in *Pacific Affairs* that he thought there was nothing to choose between the two sides in the European war. He called the war "one between the established master races and the claimant master races," and said that France and England were merely defending their possessions, not democracy, and were as responsible for the war as Nazi Germany. According to Lattimore, the causes of the war "were the wrongs done to China, Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia and Albania — not by Japan and Italy and Germany alone, but by Britain and France and the United States as well."

"It was," continued Lattimore, "because they attempted to escape the shortcomings of the old order without sacrifice to themselves at the expense of the rest of the world, including huge territories like China and Russia, as well as the geographically small nations, that they are fighting each other."

The articles published in *Amerasia* during the period of Nazi-Soviet collaboration, when Owen Lattimore was on its editorial board, were even more outspoken in de-

nouncing the Western Powers and opposing American support of Britain and France against Hitler.

After Russia and Japan signed their neutrality treaty in April 1941, Owen Lattimore and *Amerasia*, together with the *Daily Worker* and other Communist publications, modified their hostility to Japan. The effect of this pact on their "opinions" on the Sino-Japanese War was precisely the same as the effect of the Stalin-Hitler pact on their views of the war in Europe. The Russo-Japanese pact, like the Nazi-Soviet pact, was hailed as a triumph for "democracy."

The Chinese Communist Party welcomed Russia's latest pact with the aggressors as "in keeping with the interests of the working peoples and oppressed nations of the world." Owen Lattimore similarly rejoiced that the Russo-Japanese pact would isolate China, forcing the Nationalist Government to come to terms with the Communists and thus become more "democratic."

Following Hitler's attack on Russia, Lattimore again shifted his views. After June 1941 one can find no more articles by Lattimore himself, or in *Pacific Affairs* under his editorship, or in *Amerasia*, saying that the European war was one between two lots of master races and urging the United States to keep out of it. After June 22, 1941, Lattimore was all in favor of American intervention in a war which had become one

to make the world safe for Stalin.

Years ago Attorney General Francis Biddle said that the clear distinction between an isolationist and a Communist was their attitude after Hitler attacked Russia. The isolationists continued to oppose America's intervention, whereas the Communists switched from shouting, "The Yanks are not coming," to all-out advocacy of American participation in the war.

If Lattimore had not been following the Communist Party line, would he suddenly have become an interventionist following Germany's attack on Russia?

As for the Chinese Communists, Lattimore was skillful as well as flexible. In his testimony before the Tydings Committee he made much of the fact that he had never written or said that the Chinese Communists were "agrarian reformers." Technically, this statement may be true, because Mr. Lattimore is always very careful in his choice of words. In *Solution In Asia* (1945), he wrote: "During the ten years of civil war the Communists, cut off from cities and urban workers, had become a peasant party."

He then proceeds to compliment the Communist Party for limiting its membership in local governing bodies to one-third and says that this is "the most positive step yet taken in China by any party away from dictatorship and toward democracy." It is impossible to believe

that Lattimore is so ignorant of Communist methods and technics that he does not know that under Communist governments, which control the press, the radio, the police, and the judiciary, non-party representatives can easily be intimidated. Was he not therefore falsely representing the Chinese Communists as democrats?

It is not wholly inconceivable that Lattimore might have believed in the essential "democracy" of non-Russian Communists, but no one as well acquainted as he with China and Chinese-Russian relations could truthfully have stated, as he did, that in the 1930's "... the Chinese Communists were so isolated, south of the Yangtze and far inland from the coast, that they could not receive arms or any other help from Russia, while the intensity of the fight for survival made it impossible for them to slacken or strengthen their civil-war efforts in accordance with directives from either the international or the Soviet Government. . . . They were on their own."

This is simply not true. The Chinese Communists were never "on their own"; they were continuously and always acting on Moscow's directions; they have followed every twist and turn of the line laid down by Moscow as obediently, or more obediently, than any Communist Party in the world; the Chinese Communist Party was recognized in

official Comintern and Soviet Government publications as the most important of all the parties directed by Moscow, or at least as only second in importance to the German Communist Party before it was crushed by Hitler.

Nowhere does Lattimore refer to such documents as the Chinese Communist Party handbook, which says: "The Chinese Communist Party was born with the help of the Communist International. It grew up under the guidance of the Communist International. The Chinese Communist Party and Central Committee, with the exception of two short periods, have been loyal to the guidance of the Communist International. . . . To carry out the international line and to be loyal to the Executive Committee of the Communist International is to guarantee the success of the Chinese revolution."

Among other important official Chinese Communist Party documents concerning which Dr. Lattimore has carefully kept his readers in ignorance, was that made by the secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, Wang Ming, in which he said:

"They [the people of China] regard the USSR as the country which in actual practice has shown China how it can and must transform the country . . . into one mighty and capable of defending itself, from a country poor and backward into one rich and cultural . . . into the

most democratic country in the world under the banner of the Stalinist constitution."

Lattimore, ignoring such evidence, stated in *The Situation In Asia*: "If the Chinese Communists gravitate toward a political center in Russia, we shall have one kind of world. If they maintain their own political center in China, we shall have a decidedly different world."

In other words, according to Lattimore as of 1949, the Chinese Communists were not already subservient to Stalin but might "gravitate" toward Moscow if America should not be friendly to them.

Similarly one can find nowhere in his writings any reference to the documentary evidence which proves that the Chinese Communists during the war with Japan were reserving their major forces for a future struggle to overthrow the National Government.

It is just as easy to misinform people by the omission of vitally important evidence, as by telling direct lies, and Lattimore's omissions are so serious that he succeeds in presenting a totally false picture for the benefit of the Soviet Union.

With complete disregard of the historical record, he wrote: "During the period of his [General Marshall's] mission, the Kuomintang kept accumulating American supplies and American transportation kept moving Kuomintang troops into North China and Manchuria."

This statement is entirely false. Certainly "Dr." Lattimore, as a professor of international relations, knew that General Marshall in 1946 embargoed all arms and ammunition supplies to Nationalist China. And if he read the daily papers he must have been aware of the fact that U. S. Navy ships were prevented by the Soviet authorities from transporting Chinese Nationalist armies to Manchuria.

One could go on quoting passage after passage from Lattimore's books and articles which are as completely untrue as the ones I have already cited. Here I give only a few other examples showing his misrepresentations about aid to China.

In *The Situation In Asia* he says that the coalition government including the Communists that General Marshall tried to establish, "might have been obtained if military aid to the Kuomintang had been suspended."

In March 1950, just three months before the attack in Korea, Lattimore wrote in the *United Nations World*:

It is clear that the change of power in China cannot properly be described as primarily a victory either of Communist armies or of Communist ideas. The chief phenomenon has been the moral and political bankruptcy of the National Government of China, whose "ability" to collapse greatly exceeded the ability of the Communists to push it over.

... This change has been so great that it could not be prevented by an American intervention measurable in money . . . by an expenditure of some three billion American dollars.

This "three-billion dollar" story took hold of the minds of the American people like a biblical commandment.

At other times Lattimore has managed to up even this high figure. In *The Situation In Asia* he wrote: "The grandiose and disastrous American attempt to determine the character and outcome of the Chinese civil war . . . proved that America does not have the kind of power that can settle Chinese issues. . . . *The American expenditure of from 2 to 4 billion dollars included both military and economic aid to Chiang Kai-Shek.*" (italics added)

As I have shown in Chapter Two * the total of military aid given to China to fight the Communists amounted to little more than a quarter of a billion dollars, and most of that came too late to prevent the withdrawal of the Chinese Nationalist Government to Formosa.

Despite all the evidence available concerning the aid Russia gave to the Chinese Communists, Lattimore in his *United Nations World* article had the effrontery to state that "Russian intervention, in the way of supplying either munitions or

* See pp. 30-54 of *The China Story*.

political advisers, was insignificant," and that Russia's strength remained "a card unplayed."

THE ONE SUBJECT on which Owen Lattimore has shown no tendency to "shift" his views, at least since 1937, is the Soviet Union, which is consistently represented in his writings as peace-loving, progressive, powerful, and as having given the Russian workers and peasants such a happy life that they are envied by all their neighbors.

The drift of his first short popular book, *Solution In Asia* (1945) was indicated on its jacket, which stated: "He shows that all the Asiatic peoples are more interested in actual democratic practices, such as the ones they see in action across the Russian border, than they are in the fine theories of Anglo-Saxon democracies which come coupled with ruthless imperialism." (italics added)

And inside the covers we read, in Lattimore's own words, that "In Asia the Soviet Union has a major power of attraction, backed by a history of development and a body of precedents. . . . To all of these peoples . . . the Russians and the Soviet Union have a great power of attraction. In their eyes — rather doubtfully in the eyes of the older generation, more and more clearly in the eyes of the younger generation — the Soviet Union stands for strategic security, economic prosperity, technological progress, mirac-

ulous medicine, free education, equality of opportunity, and democracy: a powerful combination."

It is hardly surprising that the Communist *New Masses* called *Solution In Asia* a "must book not only for our San Francisco delegates but for every one of us."

In it Lattimore refers to "the trend toward increased personal liberty and economic prosperity," which has contributed so largely to Russia's advantage in competing with us for the favor of the peoples of Asia, as compared with our "tardiness" in the "evolution of democratic processes."

Lattimore is too clever to argue, or appear to be arguing, in favor of the Communist point of view. Instead he simply makes false assertions concerning Communism and the Soviet Union as if he were stating well-known and irrefutable facts. His smooth style, careful choice of innocuous words to describe Communist methods and aims, his pretense of not taking sides, his standing in the academic world, his erudition, and his historical distortions and omissions, all enable him to pile untruth upon half-truth upon untruth with an air of detachment and objectivity. Most of his readers are deceived into thinking that they are being given fair presentation of history and current world issues. Only those who are experts, or, at least, close observers or students of the Far East realize that Lattimore

is giving them an *ex parte* presentation and that his arguments are based on false premises. Furthermore, he appeals, with both skill and subtlety to that tolerance of Americans which is prompted by goodheartedness, and he indulges in a generosity of definition that surpasses the language grasp of all but semanticists and professors of English.

The fact that the Soviet Union also stands for democracy is not to be overlooked. Here in America we are in the habit of taking a narrow view of foreign claimants to the status of democracy. If China, or Russia, or some other alien people does not measure up to the standards of the particular American modification of Anglo-Saxon democracy, we say that it is not democratic. . . . The fact is that for most of the people in the world today what constitutes democracy in theory is more or less irrelevant. What moves people to act, to try to line up with one party or country and not with another, is the difference between what is more democratic and less democratic in practice.

Lattimore here implies that the Soviet Union is more democratic in *practice* than the West. But he has carefully refrained from saying so straight out. If accused of being in line with Communist propaganda, he can reply that *he* didn't say so, but that the peoples of Asia think so.

The whole of Lattimore's argu-

ments in favor of the Soviet Union's claims to be regarded as a "democracy" are based on false premises which he takes for granted, and which he uses his scholastic reputation and eminent position to make others accept. He does not attempt to *prove* such untruths as that the Soviet Government has greatly improved the material conditions of the peoples of the USSR and given them unlimited opportunity to better themselves. He just says it is so as if this were an incontrovertible statement of fact. He offers no proof that the peoples of the countries which are neighbors of the Soviet Union are full of admiration and envy for the happy peoples under Communist rule; he just says they are, carefully omitting any mention of the fact that thousands of people try every week to escape from the blessings of Communist rule at the risk of their lives. Nowhere in any of Dr. Lattimore's writings will you learn that according to Soviet law an attempt to "escape over the frontier" is a crime for which all the relatives of the "criminal" are punished by imprisonment, whether or not they knew of his intention to "escape" from the Soviet Union.

Nor can one find anywhere in Lattimore's writings mention of the fact that the Soviet government holds some twelve million people as slave laborers in concentration camps, because they have failed to appreciate the benefits of Soviet rule.

Another Lattimore technique for putting across Soviet propaganda consists in overawing his critics by a display of his erudition, his knowledge of languages, and his intimate first-hand acquaintance with the sentiments and aspirations of some obscure people, or tribe, of whom his readers have never heard, and concerning whom few dare to argue with so eminent an authority as the Director of the Walter Hines Page School at Johns Hopkins University.

Owen Lattimore is also adept at blaming America for what is wrong in the world and explaining away the role of the Soviet Government in these disasters. He can always find a valid excuse for Stalin's worst acts by holding America, or some other "capitalist," "imperialist" Western nation as the real culprit.

For instance, wishing to justify, or excuse the Red Army's looting of Manchuria, Lattimore writes: "[The Russians] were afraid that Manchuria, if it were left a going concern, might be turned into an American stronghold on the doorstep of Siberia. So they gutted the factories of Manchuria as they withdrew."

In this same book (*Situation In Asia*) Lattimore argues that when Stalin abandons "persuasion" for compulsion he is acting under the unavoidable necessity of protecting the "socialist" world from the capitalist-imperialist United States.

Thus he explains that it was the belief that the United States was "prepared to go on a war footing" which caused the Soviet leaders to "tighten up their own controls," and which led to their exerting such pressure on Marshal Tito that he broke away. He does not, however, draw the conclusion that, according to his own version of events, the way to create schisms in the Communist world is for America to show evidence of strength, not weakness.

In another passage in *The Situation In Asia* Lattimore directly echoed Communist propaganda against the United States. While the Chinese Communists were proclaiming on the radio that "the only difference between American and Japanese imperialism is that American imperialism is stronger, and that its methods appear civilized and legal on the surface," Lattimore wrote: "It took three years and from two to four billions of American money to prove the uselessness of an *American attempt to imitate this early Japanese policy in China.*"

IN HIS TESTIMONY before the Tydings Committee Owen Lattimore claimed that his support of the Marshall Plan proved he had no Communist sympathies. Louis Budenz explained this discrepancy by saying that eminent secret members of the Communist Party were permitted "certain latitude in their speeches and writings so as to pre-

vent discovery of the Party affiliations." It would have been more pertinent to inquire why Professor Lattimore had violently opposed the Truman doctrine, as when he wrote in *The Situation In Asia*: "The Truman doctrine originated more in out-of-date British thinking than in up-to-date American thinking. It is the child of the Fulton, Mo., speech at which President Truman sat on the platform while Winston Churchill rang down the iron curtain."

Anyone whose sympathies lie with Soviet Russia might approve of the Marshall Plan which, it should be remembered, originally offered economic aid to Soviet Russia and her satellites — so long as they rejected the Truman Doctrine promising arms aid to those resisting Communist aggression. One could take issue too with the impudent assertion that it was not Soviet Russia, but Winston Churchill and Harry S. Truman who had "rung down" the Iron Curtain.

Being concerned, no doubt, to maintain his reputation as an objective and scholarly student of China, Mongolia, Russia, and international affairs, Lattimore, in *The Situation In Asia*, admitted a few unpleasant facts about the Soviet Union, which by that time were too well known to be denied. He went so far as to say that "No propaganda can hide the fact that there is good and bad in Russia." However, he

warns that we simply have not got what it takes to resist Russia. Therefore, we had better appease Stalin if we want to avoid destruction. "Clearly," he says, "the Communist ascendancy [in China] had become so decisive that it could not be reversed."

Although the Communist bandwagon is not completely repaired, anyone who does not jump on it now is a fool who fails to realize that Soviet Russia must win, because Communism represents the inevitable march of progress. For in this book he wrote: "To be progressive in politics is to be on the side of that which is going up and against that which is going down."

Of course, he was too cautious to say this is his own belief; he said only that it is Communist theory. But he makes it abundantly clear that he believes this theory by the appeasement policy he advocates. Moreover he tells us that the Russians "are convinced of the foresight and wisdom of their leaders," and have the feeling that they are "going forward on the tide of history," when they read Stalin's "electrifying exact" formula, which Americans ought also to "study with cautious respect."

Anyone who finds it hard to understand why Alger Hiss betrayed his country, or why men like former Ambassador Joseph Davies became propagandists for the Soviet Union, and who find it impossible to believe

that Owen Lattimore, or anyone else who had won an honorable position in this country could possibly have lent himself to the dissemination of ideas that parallel the propaganda of Red China, should ponder the effect of the theory that "to be progressive in politics is to be on the side of that which is going up."

Lattimore himself does not hide the fact that he not only believes that Communism is "progressive" but also that "power is the only thing which counts." Again and again, in *The Situation In Asia*, he tells us that the issue "is one of power" and that Americans are just silly to believe that moral issues are important. Besides, he tells us, we aren't really moral anyhow, since everything we do is in our own self-interest. The only reason we don't always act like imperialists is that we sometimes find it more profitable not to do so. The only reason, for instance, that we behaved better in the Philippines than other Western Powers in their Asiatic colonies is that we just didn't need or want Philippine raw materials or sugar.

In case any Americans, inspired by Lattimore's philosophy, should start demanding that we use such power as we have to stop the Communist conquest of Asia, Lattimore hastens to add that there is just one exception to his "power decides" formula: "In China," he warns us, "moral attitudes will take precedence in deciding the future." Since, accord-

ing to Lattimore, Russia is way ahead of us with respect to moral attitudes in the eyes of Asiatics, we should not imagine that we can win. Our failure so far in China is in fact due, not to Soviet Russia's design to establish her hegemony over the Chinese people, but to America's wish to do so! Soviet Russia, according to Lattimore, has succeeded because she advances by "political infiltration or persuasion which is a moral question."

Lattimore, it must be admitted, gives us some faint hope provided we will stop worrying about "moral issues," and make all the profit possible by appeasing the aggressors. In *The Situation In Asia*, he tells us that it would be very advantageous to do business with the Communists. If only Americans would free themselves of their silly obsession with moral consideration and confine themselves to "straight considerations of sound business" by "accepting the opportunities for American enterprise" offered by the Chinese Communists, they could make large profits. Consider the fact, Lattimore says, that the USSR is not, for the moment, in a position to give economic assistance to the Chinese Communist Government, so if only you American capitalists will have the sense to "accept opportunities offered to American enterprise" and stop worrying about such unimportant considerations as moral principles, not only can you make a lot

of money, but you can also prevent all Asia joining up with the Soviet Union against the United States.

It might be considered a little strange, by anyone who remembers how strongly Lattimore used to oppose "business as usual" with the Japanese aggressors in China, to hear him advocating good business at any price with their successors, the Russian-controlled conquerors of China. But we should, of course, bear in mind the vital distinction Lattimore would have us make between fascist totalitarian aggressors and Communist ones. In his view, aggression, concentration camps, terror, denial of elementary liberties, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of modern totalitarian rule are *bad* if anti-Communist, but good if they further "progressive" aims.

In *The Situation in Asia*, Lattimore silently abandoned his former pretense that the Chinese Communists are not "real" Communists. The admission that they are under Moscow's orders is used instead to frighten us, now that they control all of China. This in turn is used as an argument for appeasement. Briefly his argument runs as follows:

The Soviet Union is not at the moment in a position to give economic aid to Communist China, so if America will give such aid without asking for anything in return, if we will refrain from using our economic power to "force political concessions," we may be able to prevent all

Asia joining up with the Soviet Union against us. But, he warns us, by 1952 the war wounds of Russia will be entirely healed—a categorical statement for which Lattimore affords no evidence. Then he says, beware, for "the balance of the world is going to swing heavily in Russia's favor."

IT IS FAR more difficult to catch a man out in big lies, than in small ones. Big lies may be the result of illusions or lack of knowledge. But when a person lies in small matters, which can easily be disproved by evidence, the chances are he is basically untrustworthy.

This is the reason why I draw attention to one of Lattimore's small lies. In his book, *Ordeal By Slander* (1950), he repeats a lie concerning me which I have again and again challenged and refuted, namely that in 1939 "I gave her hospitality for several weeks, and I did everything I could to get her lecture engagements and opportunities to write."

The fact is that in 1938, not 1939, I spent *one night* at the Lattimores' house in Baltimore on the occasion of a lecture I gave to the Foreign Policy Association. In December 1939, on my return from England to the United States, I spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Emmett Holt in Baltimore, *not with the Lattimores*, prior to taking up residence in an apartment of my own with my five-year old son and my mother.

It is a lie that I then, or ever, accepted the Lattimores' hospitality for "several weeks." This fact is corroborated both by the Holts, and by Frederic Nelson, now an editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* (formerly with the *Baltimore Sun*), and his wife, who also gave me hospitality in Baltimore during my lecture tours before I came to live permanently in America. Obviously Lattimore intended to create the impression that I had abused the claims of personal friendship when I testified against him before the Tydings Committee. To my mind such a charge has no validity. I do not share Mr. Acheson's view that personal friendship, whether past or present, should be placed before a recognition of the truth, and before one's duty to one's country and the cause of freedom.

I shall digress briefly here to tell how I came to know the Lattimores.

I first met Owen Lattimore in April 1936 in Moscow, where I had been living for nearly six years as the wife of a Russian (a Soviet citizen but not a member of the Communist Party). I was employed as a research worker in the Pacific Ocean Section of the Institute of World Economy and Politics. This Institute had become the Russian branch of the Institute of Pacific Relations a year or so earlier when the Kremlin switched over to the "Popular Front" policy, and the Communist Academy (of which the Institute

formed a part) was rechristened Academy of Sciences.

For the benefit of the visiting Americans, a room had been taken in another part of the town and a notice put up saying "Soviet Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations." It was here that E. C. Carter, president of the American Institute, and Owen Lattimore were first received by the leading Communists at the Institute. As I had left the Communist Party years earlier, I could not attend their private meetings. But the Americans came to the Institute for a whole day's session to consult with us on Far Eastern questions. I was astonished to see how often and completely they deferred to the Soviet viewpoint. Of them all, it seemed to me that Owen Lattimore was more independent in his attitude, since he dared to argue that it was incorrect to designate Mongol society as "feudal." From this I concluded that he was not a Communist — an opinion which was fortified later, in London, when he told me he had almost lost his job as editor of *Pacific Affairs* because he had published an article by the Trotskyist Harold Isaacs.

My husband was arrested that same month of April, and disappeared into a concentration camp like so many other thousands of victims of the 1936-38 purge. I left for England in order to place our two-year-old son in safety before returning to Moscow to appeal in

vain on behalf of my husband, whom I never saw again.

It was a sad and strenuous journey. I had to travel by train without a sleeping berth to Holland where I took a boat for the last lap of my return to England. As I was staggering down the steps of the ship to a third-class stateroom, carrying my son on one arm and clutching a suitcase with the other hand, Owen Lattimore suddenly appeared. He promptly relieved me of my burdens and kindly helped me put my son to bed. Subsequently in London (where I returned from Moscow to live in July 1936) he and his wife were both most generous to me, not only with their sympathy, but also by providing me with clothing for my son, from their own boy's outgrown clothes.

During that winter I saw the Lattimores often. I knew that as editor of *Pacific Affairs* Owen was closely connected with the Soviet Government. Also, I knew they were friendly to the so-called "Soviet Socialist experiment." But since they deplored the mass arrests, imprisonments without trial, and other tyrannical features of Stalin's Russia, they appeared to me to be sincere in their condemnation of the terror from which I had fled, and I believed them to be honest liberals. This was still my opinion when I came to Baltimore to live in 1940. Only then did I learn of Lattimore's defense of the Moscow blood purges

in *Pacific Affairs*, his justification of them as "part of a new advance in the struggle to set free the social and economic possibilities of a whole nation and its people." I knew that he was as aware as I that hundreds of thousands of people had been arrested and sentenced to slave labor in Russia without trial. I began to realize, therefore, that he was adjusting his views to the Party line, and had abandoned his earlier misgivings. When I saw clearly that he had become an apologist for Stalin's tyranny, I broke off relations with him and his wife.

When he appeared before the Tydings Committee in 1950, Lattimore gave clear evidence that he had not wasted the years since 1940 on any independence of thought. His testimony was a superb example of careful schooling in Communist techniques. Instead of endeavoring to disprove the charges that had been made against him, he resorted to the Communist device of abuse and vilification of his opponents.

Later, in his book of self-defense, *Ordeal By Slander*, he carried this abuse, in my own case, to the point of libel. For in characteristic Communist terminology, he accused me of having "a long record of pro-Nazi writings." Since this statement is provably untrue, only one thing is made obvious by it. No one, especially in 1950, but a Communist Party-liner would denounce anyone as "pro-Nazi" because during the

war he had been anti-Communist and after the war had opposed Communist-inspired policies in Germany which could only lead to weakness rather than strength for our side.

Louis Budenz, the former Communist who edited the *Daily Worker* for many years, told the Tydings Committee that Owen Lattimore was in the same Institute of Pacific Relations — *Amerasia* Communist “cell” as Philip Jaffe and Frederick Vanderbilt Field. He said he knew this “. . . from reports received in the Politburo, and given to me officially as managing editor of the *Daily Worker*. Mr. Lattimore, when I first learned this in 1937, was connected with the publications of the Institute of Pacific Affairs. In a specific meeting to which I refer, Mr. Lattimore was commended by Frederick Vanderbilt Field and Earl Browder for the fact that he had been responsible for the placing of a number of communist writers in the organs of the Institute of Pacific Affairs, of which he was then the editor. . . . It was agreed that Mr. Lattimore should be given general direction of organizing the writers and influencing the writers in representing the Chinese Communists as agrarian reformers, or as North Dakota nonpartisan leaguers.”

“In 1944 [Budenz also said] Lattimore went to China as an adviser to Vice President Henry Wallace — and by the way, Mr. Wallace’s trip was followed with very great care

and detail by the Communist Party — Jack Stachel advised me to consider Owen Lattimore as a Communist, which to me meant, because that was our method of discussing these matters, to treat as authoritative everything he would say or advise.”

Budenz also connected Lattimore with the hushing-up of the *Amerasia* case, but Lattimore denied this. The majority report of the Tydings’ Committee dismisses Budenz’s testimony, correct or not, as “in the nature of hearsay,” for “his evidence against Lattimore is founded on what he states he was told, or learned from others identified as Communists.” Tydings and his Democratic colleagues seem not to have understood that a conspiracy is a *secret* undertaking, and that no underground movement could exist unless it took precautions to hide the identity of the conspirators, and that the members of a conspiracy do not get together in meetings where everyone meets everyone else.

So they took the fact that Budenz had never met Lattimore as a refutation of his testimony that he had been told by higher authorities that Lattimore was to be considered as a Communist. The Committee report goes on to say that cross-examination of Budenz “revealed that he had no proof that Lattimore had given any directives to any writers or others in the alleged campaign to change public opinion on

China, nor that Lattimore personally employed any of the people who wrote for the publications of the Institute of Pacific Relations." This sort of reasoning is based solely on a misunderstanding of the functions of an editor of a publication. As editor of *Pacific Affairs* and as one of the editors of *Amerasia*, Lattimore himself had chosen those writers who followed the Party line on China to write the majority of the articles he published.

Had the Committee troubled to study the evidence presented to them they would have seen that on the rare occasions when Lattimore

published an article critical of the Soviet Union he invariably added some comments of his own showing that he disagreed.

HE MAY NOT be the "architect" of the disastrous China policy pursued by the Administration, which has delivered 400,000,000 people to the Communists and placed the United States in dire peril, but there can be no reasonable doubt that the Far Eastern policy advocated, and to a large degree followed, by the Administration, was inspired by Lattimore and his disciples, protégés, and friends.

DOWN TO EARTH

Animal Doctors

ALAN DEVOE

IT COMES NATURALLY to us to think of animals as fellow-personalities. From the time when we begin to pay any attention to them at all, we see them feeding, mating, sleeping, playing, after more or less our own fashion; we notice in them evidences of love, hate, fear, joy, the whole gamut, more or less, of our own emotional range; and we take it, in an immediate inference, that in their consciousness there must be going on, at least in some degree and after a certain fashion, the sort of things that go on in our own.

After we have made our way rather deeper into understanding animals, we find out both how true these spontaneous judgments about animals are, and how very, very careful we have to be to bear in mind the limitations of animal men-

tality, the specialties of animal senses, and the innations of animal instinct, if we are not to be led into misinterpreting our brothers with an over-anthropomorphism.

Few things in animal life call for a nicer judgment than the matter of animals' alleged self-doctorings. This is the subject of a hundred picturesque backwoodsmen's stories, and the stuff of a deal of folk-lore. The muskrat we meet in our walk along the creek, the fox that peers alertly at us from the undergrowth beside the trail, the veriest sparrow in the homely dust . . . every one of these, evidently enough, is in a great many real ways our brother. But does that brotherhood extend, as Trapper Pete is fond of insisting, to the point of animals' engaging, after

our human fashion, in the practice of medicine? When our fox is sick, can he call upon a fox-wisdom to prescribe for himself? Do our brother beasts number, among their lores, a woods-lore of pharmacy and surgery?

Suppose we address ourselves to some ever-recurring questions about all this.

If a fox or a muskrat has been caught in a trap, may it amputate its leg to set itself free? Yes. That happens often. Why not? It's a very animally natural sort of thing to do. It is practical intelligence, sensorimotor insight, at work. So next: When a bear's been wounded, is it true that the bear may stuff its wound with moss or leaves? Yes; that's true too. After all, it's reasonable enough, even to bear-mind, to press something soothing against a hurt. In the same way, we may find injured animals that have dressed their wounds with resin, or swamp-mud, or plant-down. The dressings have been acquired in the very natural and elementary course of placing a wounded part in contact with something that assuages it. Long ago when we were small chil-

dren, we didn't need any medical learning to go dabbling our cut foot in the brook or thrusting our beestung finger into the cool soothingness of the mud.

But now we come to a lot of common animal-questions that at first glance may seem to be of the same sort as the ones we've just been raising, but that in fact, if we stop to think about it, we see are significantly different:

Do animals with broken legs mend them with splints? Do sick animals know what plants are good for their ailments and seek them out specifically as remedies? Is it true that when a bear's getting ready to den-up, it eats a special vegetation that will serve as a laxative and clean out its system preparatory to the long sleep? When animals have been bitten by a poisonous snake, do they seek out snakeweed and eat it as an antidote? The answer to all these, and a dozen other similar questions about animals' self-doctorings, is No.

It's No for the same reason that our right answer has to be No to the question of whether an animal ever commits suicide.

"Sui-cide" means, obviously enough, the destruction of the self; and the idea of destroying the self can occur only to a mind that has entertained the concept of the self in the first place. Self-consciousness may strike us, because we're so used to it, as a very easy and simple sort

This article is an adapted excerpt from the author's forthcoming This Fascinating Animal World, an encyclopedic one-volume nature library, to be published by McGraw-Hill in October. We are certain that this book will be of special interest to MERCURY readers.

of notion; but actually it's a huge leap of awareness . . . a leap clear outside the whole psychic province of animality. Does an animal ever seek to destroy itself? We answer our question when we pose the analogous one: Does any very little child do so? The freedom of animals' lives from the dark shadows of worry, apprehension and fear of death . . . the freedom that makes animality such a glad kingdom, all confidence, life-acceptance, and an immediacy of Now . . . lies in this: that an animal cannot know, any more than a little child, that it has a self to lose. It cannot look ahead to self-ending; it can't contemplate a coming of non-ness.

ANIMALS DON'T KILL themselves, and they don't practice complicated self-doctorings. For a woodcock to thrust its fractured leg into mud, and for the mud to harden into what is in effect a cast, isn't at all an impossible thing. (There are some severe ornithologists who question whether it ever happens; but there are also dozens of outdoor explorers, devoted to first-hand investigation of woodcock-ways and equally devoted to earth-truth, who swear that they've known it to; and at least we can say, in an equable way, that it falls comfortably inside the area of animal reasonableness.) But the devising and application of splints is something very much else again . . . so much else again that

we ourselves, historically speaking, have known about the principle only since yesterday. Snakeweed? If any fox knows that specific, it knows more than any of us.

Many animals — squirrels and some of their relatives, particularly — periodically put their bedding out in the sun and air it. All sorts of animals take sun-baths, dust-baths and mud-baths. A deer that's had to plunge through an icy stream "knows" it's unwise to lie down to sleep. It keeps starting up, and running to warm itself, until its hide has dried. A rheumatically old buck "knows" the value of sunshine and a warm mud-wallow. Almost any animal in all the green woods "knows" the valuable therapy of licking a hurt. But it is a long way — an impossibly long way — from sucking and soothing a wound to understanding the nature of asepsis. It's a wide leap — an impossibly wide leap — from the quality of consciousness in a sick lynx, following an obscure instinctive impulse to eat grass, to the quality of consciousness in an herbalist composing an herbal.

Do animals do some doctoring of themselves, and is there a wisdom in it? Of a certainty. But the wisdom is animal wisdom: the felt thing, the sensori-motor thing, the spontaneous act out of animal urgency. The doctoring, exactly speaking, is animal-wise.

Perhaps we ought not to leave all

this without bringing up briefly two questions somewhat related. If baby wild birds are taken from their nests and caged, will the mother bird seek out the cage and feed her imprisoned youngsters poisonous berries through the bars, preferring to see them dead rather than deprived of liberty? And how about the way in which a fox is supposed to rid itself of fleas? (We must all have heard this story. The fox takes in its mouth a tuft of hair, or perhaps a stick or a bunch of leaves, and slowly backs into a stream or lake. The fleas, as the fox submerges, scurry higher and higher on its body to escape the water, and presently, when all but the tip of the fox's muzzle has gone under, the fleas quit the fox altogether and climb aboard the stick or the bunch of leaves or the tuft of hair or whatever, which the fox then releases to float away with its cargo of pests.)

How about these?

No matter what veteran naturalists we become, it doesn't do for us ever to be brusquely contemptuous. These two old tales are told and retold, all over the world, and greatly cherished. Suppose we just answer the question about them with merely the suggestion of an answer. Suppose we just let our suggestion take the

form of a few rhetorical questions and one homely experiment. For the rhetorical questions, we might just raise these: Does a bird understand toxicology? Does it know the abstraction, Liberty, and has it realized that death is a form of freedom from the tyranny of captivity? For the homely experiment, we might have a go at this one: We might try taking a docile and richly fleaful dog, and very slowly dipping this pooch of ours into a tub of water, and watching to see whether the fleas ascend. This is a little laborious, perhaps, for some of us. We may like to know the outcome in advance. What we find is that the fleas, clinging tightly to their nourishing host, and no more endangered by a few minutes' submersion than most small chitinous insects are, ignore the rising water entirely.

DO ANIMALS HAVE a canniness about them, and a certain store of ancient wisdoms, animal-wise, and a brotherhood to us? Why, surely. But are animals people? No. They remain, most excellently, animals; and that is to say that among them there are no physicians, any more than any Archbishops.

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Draughts of Old Bourbon

Wartime Patriotism

In Williamsburg, Va.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
JAMES MONROE MADISON,
USNR



AT WILLIAMSBURG, Virginia, of course, I met some real, old-fashioned American patriots. I expected to find them there. Williamsburg, to a Southerner, is twice blessed. It's the restored cradle of democracy; its people have the blood of Patrick Henry in their veins; Yorktown is nearby; and it is also Confederate. I was glad when I drew Williamsburg for my six weeks of basic training in the Navy: a man named Jim Madison would enjoy meeting the home owners of Williamsburg.

I arrived on a Monday morning in 1943 and my first concern was to assure myself whatever privacy money or influence could command. If I value anything above liberty or life it's privacy — particularly a private bathroom. I'm vulnerable on this point; to my ideological enemies I concede that I can be

destroyed simply by having my privacy destroyed. Without at least a degree of privacy I'm incapable of physical existence.

The only hotel had been taken over by the Navy for officers, but men with wives were given preference so there was nothing satisfactory there for a bachelor. I went then to the Lodge where a room clerk gave me a confidential report on the situation.

"There are three applicants for every room in this town," he said. "So it's tough. Every night there are women with babies who sit on benches all night long. I can't let your baggage stay in any room in the Lodge for more than four days. I'll do the best I can for you. I'll store your baggage on the nights you don't come in. When you're coming in let me know as early as possible, and on most nights I'll

take care of you somehow. But there'll be some nights when I won't be able to take care of you — especially on weekends."

"What about private homes?"

"Well, they're your best bet. But here's what you'll run up against. The OPA lets them charge three dollars a day for a room without bath and four for a room with bath. But the weekly ceiling on a four-dollar room is twenty dollars. And the monthly ceiling is seventy dollars. In other words if they let one tenant keep the room they can't charge him more than twenty dollars for a week or seventy dollars for a month. If one tenant stays in the room five days he's paid twenty dollars — the weekly ceiling rate — so he's entitled to the next two days free and the owner loses money. So on every fifth day the owners have to get a new tenant so they can keep charging the daily rate. Not one of these old bitches will let you stay the fifth day. If she did and you could produce a receipt showing that she had collected the daily rate from you for six consecutive days, you could throw her ass in the can."

"So the trick is to convince one of them that if she'll let you stay on and pay the daily rate you won't report her?"

"Yeah. It won't be easy. They sort of watch one another. But you've been around. You might get away with it. Some of them are pretty lonely."

I thanked him and got a cab and began canvassing the houses. Many of them displayed rooms-for-rent signs, and I had been turned away from six or eight before I stopped in front of the home of John F. Marshall. It was an average-sized, two-story brick veneer, and as I walked in and noted the name on the mail box I said to myself: "Surely James Madison can make a deal with Mrs. John Marshall."

Mrs. Marshall was a stout, graying blonde about fifty; I guessed from her rimless glasses that she was a member of both the Daughters of the Revolution and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Mrs. Marshall, I'm James Madison," I said. "From Georgia. I'm sure you have some place where you can keep me for a few days."

She smiled. "Do you have a wife and children?"

"Neither. I'm alone. And if I have any bad habits they aren't noisy."

"Well, Mr. Madison," she said, "you're in luck. I do have a room that has just been vacated. It's my best room. A room with private bath. But all my rooms are on reservation and I can't possibly let you have it for more than three or four days."

"I understand. I'll take it."

There were four rooms upstairs with two baths. Mine was the large back room with the private bath. It was comfortable enough; clean; the

bed was satisfactory. There was cross ventilation and this was important because it was June and hot. I paid her \$16 in advance for four days and she insisted on giving me a receipt. I unpacked, set up my Swiss portable typewriter on a bridge table, and made a note to buy some 150-watt light bulbs. Like most of the world's rentiers, Mrs. Marshall expected her guests to read by 60-watt bulbs.

Since during the first week in camp I could come to town only every other night, I knew I had to work fast to keep from having to move. So next morning as I was hurrying to reach camp before eight I stopped suddenly on the stairs, dashed back, pulled copies of two of my novels from a bag, and tossed them on the bed. I also found a copy of *Reader's Digest* which contained one of my articles and tossed it beside the books.

"That ought to do it," I thought.

In the taxicab I swore at myself. "Goddam!" I thought. "You sonofabitch! You call yourself honorable, yet you'll display your trophies in order to seduce a frowsy, old frump into letting you stay in a four-buck room. You'll sell your goddam soul for privacy and convenience and plumbing!"

It was early evening of the third day before I got back to the house, and Mrs. Marshall was sitting on the lawn with another woman, a neighbor. I saw that she had taken the bait.

"Why, Mr. Madison, please come and sit with us a few minutes. I'd like you to meet Mrs. Sparkman. I didn't realize you were *the* James Monroe Madison. Why we've read one of your books and your pieces in *Reader's Digest* and we've heard you on Town Hall of the Air! Why didn't you tell me! We didn't realize we had a famous man in our midst!"

I sat with them for half an hour until the other woman left; then I moved closer to Mrs. Marshall and told her how tired I was of chasing around the world, how I dreaded each movement of my baggage, and how I appreciated her sacrificing her home to the comfort of the boys in the service.

"Yes, and I do so hate to make people move," she said. "Almost everyone I take begs me to let him stay, some of them offer me big amounts of money, but you know there is a war on and our obligations are so heavy and we feel that we must divide the rooms among the greatest number possible. There are women with children who sleep on the street every night."

I would have bet that Mrs. Marshall had never rented a room to a woman with a child. She sat there on her lawn each afternoon and rented her rooms to single men and made sure that she collected the maximum OPA daily rate. She could make each roomer move on the fourth day with no risk of a vacancy because the street was full

of customers. Because she thought I was a famous man she wanted to keep me in her house, but she wanted me to suggest a plan whereby she'd lose neither money nor face. She reminded me of a girl who wants to be laid and paid but who insists that you do it in a manner whereby she won't feel like a whore.

I lowered my voice almost to a whisper and said: "Mrs. Marshall, I'd like for you to share a little secret with me. I don't usually tell strangers my business but you are the sort of person who will understand. I'm trying desperately to finish a book before I have to go back overseas. With all my papers and books and typewriter I can't finish it if I have to move every four days while I'm here."

She stiffened and started to object, but I went on. "Now here's the secret. My publisher in New York pays my expenses. He allows me five dollars a day for lodging, and when I don't spend that much — well that's just money in his pocket. Your rooms are worth at least five dollars a day. The OPA is forcing you to take less, but you deserve more. Also I need a few extras like more electricity and perhaps another bridge table on which to spread out my work. So why don't I hand you two hundred and fifty Yankee dollars in cash for six weeks lodging and the two of us forget it. It won't be a penny out of my pocket; in fact if you don't take it you'll just be

saving that Yankee publisher money. And you can tell anybody who wants to know that in order to help me finish my book you are letting me stay on the monthly OPA rate."

She swallowed. "Well . . . uh . . . but my reservations!"

I had to find a way for her out of that lie. No one, of course, had been granted a reservation in Williamsburg since Pearl Harbor. "Maybe one man with a reservation will be delayed," I said. "They don't all get here exactly on time, do they?"

"No, not all of them," she conceded. "As a matter of fact one of them did wire that he might be a few days late. I'll tell you what I'll do. If he don't show up by the time you are supposed to leave, it's a deal. But we'll have to be quiet about it. It'll have to be just between you and I."

She expected me to be pleased; instead I was crestfallen. "I had so hoped you could decide tonight. I probably can't get back tomorrow night, so I won't know whether I have a room or not. By the time I return you may have moved me into the street."

"Oh, no!" she said. "But . . . oh, well . . . I guess I can say yes right now. But it's all between you and I."

I reached for my wallet and in the semi-darkness found five \$50 bills. "This doesn't need an envelope," I thought. "It's money for a god-damed old gray-headed whore, so it

should be passed raw and filthy." As she counted it she licked her lips just like a prostitute counting war-money over a whore-bed.

Upstairs, as I showered and went to work, I asked myself: "Now isn't James Madison just as big a stinker as Mrs. John Marshall? Madison employs his money and his trophies to buy convenience. But doesn't he buy convenience at the expense of the mother and baby on the USO bench? No, for the mother and baby could never secure this room from Marshall. In securing the room from Marshall, Madison is only being prudent and provident. Neither government nor society is opposed to Madison's having a private room for six weeks; the law is only against charging him the daily rate for six weeks. But is the law also against his paying the daily rate — and more — for six weeks? No, I guess not. The woman who sells herself is a whore, but the man who buys her may still be a gentleman. So Marshall is the whore; Madison remains honorable." Then I laughed.

ONE HOT NIGHT I went down to the kitchen to get some ice, and as I groped through the half-lighted dining room I came upon an obscene sight. Mrs. Marshall and her husband whom she called Daddy were sleeping on an improvised bed in the dining room, and in the heat she had tossed the covers off and

her gown was twisted above her fat buttocks.

"Good god," I thought. "So that's what the Marshalls of Virginia are willing to do in order to drain the last dime out of the war to save democracy! Tomorrow night they'll rent the dining room and be sleeping on the kitchen floor."

On another afternoon I talked with her on the lawn and she told me: "Daddy and I never intended to rent rooms, but now we think it's our patriotic duty to inconvenience ourselves. We have only seven rooms but we are renting five of them."

"It's very generous of you," I said. "And it really isn't fair for the Government to restrict your rents. You could get two or three times what you are getting."

"Of course we could. And I believe in the law of supply and demand. But the Government is sticking its nose into everything now."

"Yes. I have some women friends in Hawaii who were getting ten dollars. Now the Government is forcing them to take five."

"Isn't it a dirty shame," she said. "But Daddy and I are doing pretty well. We're not as young as we used to be, and this may be our last chance to get a nest egg. He works for the city, you know. If the war lasts two more years we figure we'll get enough so we won't have to worry any more."

"Wouldn't it be tragic, Mrs.

Marshall," I said, "if the war didn't last two more years? Think of all the people who'd lose profits and promotions they are planning to get!" Then I laughed quickly.

The afternoon I left she told me goodbye, then she found the courage to add: "And by the way . . . about our little secret. Some of the neighbors have been wondering why I'd be so foolish as to sacrifice my daily rate so that you could finish your book. Just so I'll have the record to show to them and to the OPA, I want to give you this receipt and I'll keep a copy of it in my receipt book." She handed me the receipt. It read: "Received of James M. Madison, for one month's rent \$70, for two additional weeks \$40, total \$110. Mrs. John Marshall."

When I read it I had an impulse

to say to her: "Mrs. Marshall, you're being a piker. If you'd bring your daughter back from school and sell her and maybe yourself with these rooms, you could really cash in on this war. You could make \$250 in a single night." But what-the-hell, the woman in her way had been kind to me; why should I be unkind?

"You better be careful," I said. "Be sure you don't deposit more than \$110 in the bank or some tax snooper might catch you."

"I'm too smart for that," she smirked. "I use the old sugar bowl."

As I rode away I thought: "A good slug o' whiskey would'a been mighty welcome on those cold nights at Valley Forge. I wonder if old George Washington didn't peddle a little black market stuff on the side?"

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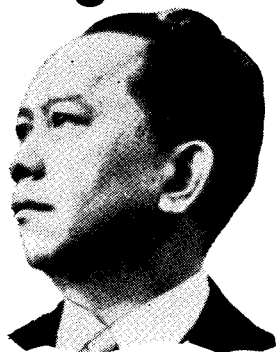
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